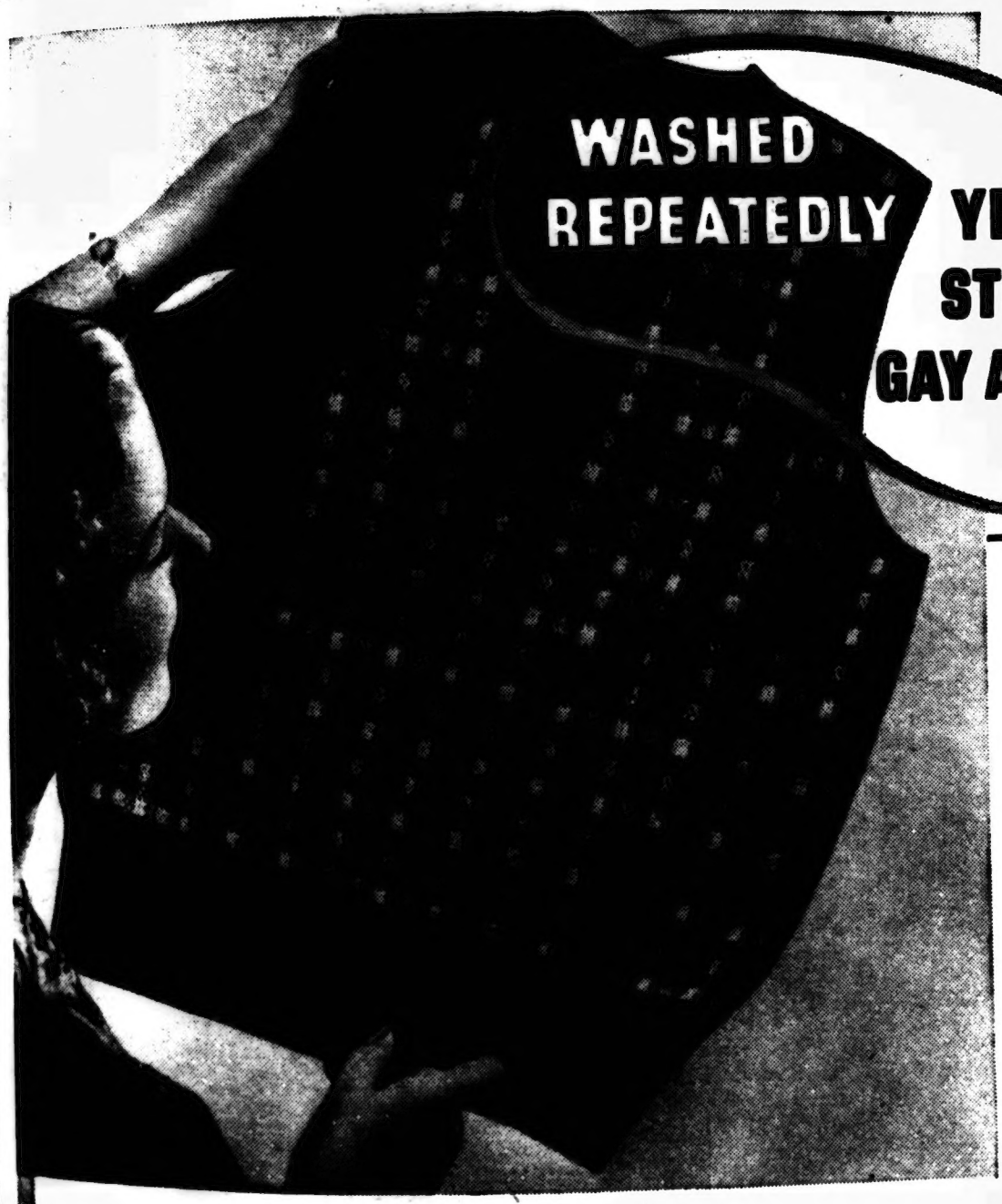
JOHN BULL, AUGUST 21, 1937

HURRY FOR GREAT £1.1.0 PRESENTATION (SEE PAGES 4 and 5)

TWOPENCE
Vol. LXII.
1627.

JOHN BULL



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the dirt
without
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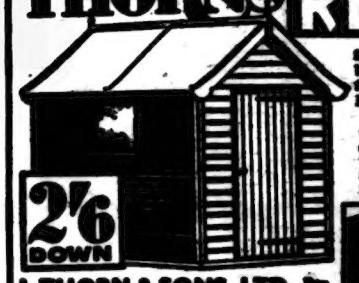

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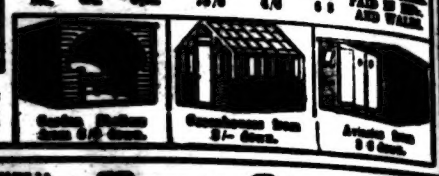

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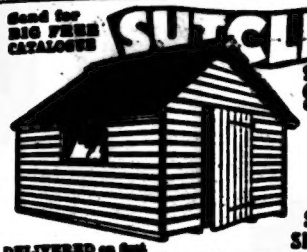

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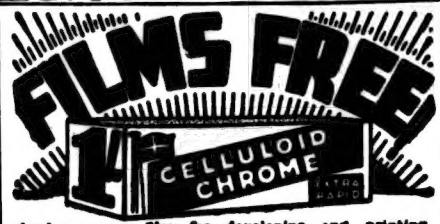

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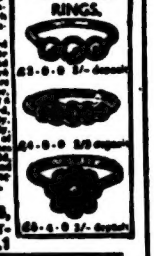

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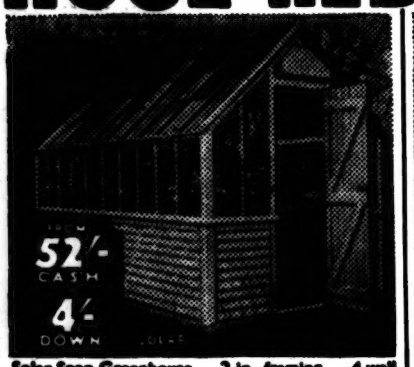

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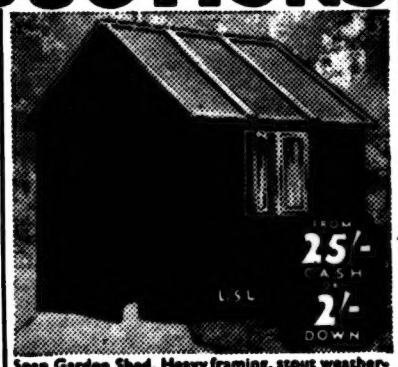

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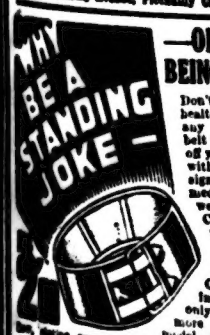

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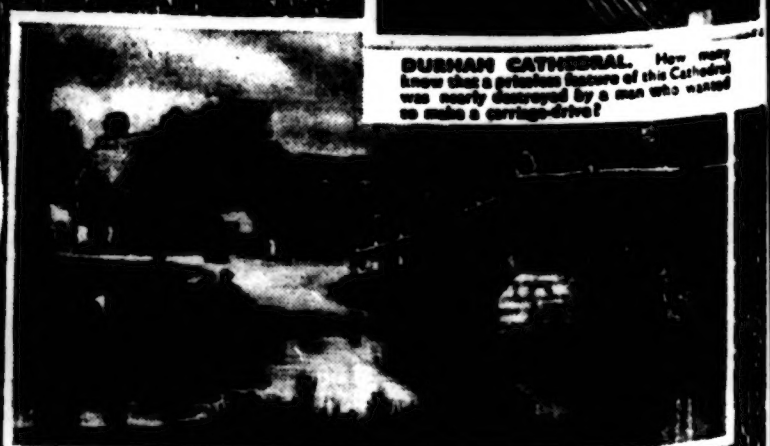

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

WICKED RING *of* Home-snatchers

URGENT warning must be given to hundreds of thousands of people who, though they do not suspect it, are threatened by a black-mailing and disastrous form of exploitation.

They are the families who are buying or have bought a house on a long lease; shop-keepers who have built up a good business in leasehold premises.

All are the prospective victims of merciless financiers whose syndicates are operating in every part of the country; whose demand: "Your money or your house!" is reaping bigger profits for them in a week than the old-time highwaymen made in a lifetime.

The process is as simple as it is scandalous. The householder suddenly finds that, unknown to him, the freehold of his property has been sold over his head. He is presented with a voluminous document, full of impressive legal terms, described as a "Schedule of Dilapidations."

It calls upon him to carry out unjustifiable repairs which will cost hundreds of pounds. Unless he complies, he is grimly informed, action will be taken against him in the High Court for forfeiture of his lease!

Terrified by the prospect of losing his house, the occupier yields, perhaps arranges with a firm of builders to pay £5 a month for several years to meet the gigantic repairs bill.

The way is now clear for the sharks in silk hats to get their pickings. They promptly resell the freehold—at an enhanced price gained by the improvements made at the occupant's expense.

This infamous racketeering, first exposed in these columns, is now increasing at an alarming rate. In South Wales, so many hundreds of small house-buyers have been exploited in recent months that they have formed a Leasehold Reform Association, with headquarters at Newport, to press for protective legislation.

☆ ★ ☆

In London alone an average of six cases a day testifies to the success of the syndicates' plot. Elsewhere, practically entire towns are being bought up for the same purpose.

From the evidence pouring into John Bull's offices, there can be no doubt of the utterly unreasonable nature of the "repairs" which the victims are required to undertake.

The speculator virtually holds a pistol to the harassed householders' head

In one Schedule of Dilapidations before us, the unlucky occupier is commanded to replace all timber which contains a knot. Another has eighty-four items, a third seventy-two items.

Others insist that slightly warped doors must be scrapped, new ones put in. Yet it would be hard to find any modern small house which does not contain a warped door. Besides, the same items appear with significant regularity in every schedule brought to our notice.

One reader, informed that the freehold of his property had changed hands, was invited to purchase it from the new owners at a high price. On refusing, he was bluntly told that he would be served with a heavy list of repairs unless he changed his mind.

This open blackmail is indeed of common occurrence. There are even numerous instances where a syndicate offers to lend money at a high rate of interest to the leaseholder so that he can buy the freehold at an exorbitant figure. The syndicate gains both ways, the householder loses on the swings as well as the roundabouts.

And the evil is still more acute in cases where big, old-fashioned houses have been converted into flats.

☆ ★ ☆

The new owner of the ground rents, claiming that householders have broken their covenants by sub-letting, threaten to sue them for damages unless they pay a preposterous price for the land—plus the usual fees for solicitors and surveyors.

One widow in West London is not only ordered to effect dozens of so-called repairs, though the house was recently inspected by the local authority and passed as being in good condition, but she is told that all gas-cookers in the flatlets must be removed.

The ground landlords, however, will overlook her heinous offence of sub-letting if she instals a resident cook-housekeeper and converts the basement into an elaborate kitchen and stores for the tenants' use.

She is distracted. Her only income is derived from the house, but her tenants will not remain unless they are allowed to do their own cooking, nor can she afford to engage a housekeeper whose services are not required. Above all, she cannot raise the money to buy the freehold.

There is, it is true, one chance of escape for every victim. Through a solicitor, he may apply for relief from unreasonable repairs.

Usually he is not aware of this clause in the Law of Property Act; or he may decide that legal and surveying costs would be so great, if negotiations were protracted, that it would be better at once to meet the racketeers' demands.

☆ ★ ☆

But the scandal could be abolished if the law insisted that, in all sales of ground rents, the leaseholders should be given the prior right of purchase. Unfortunately, this obvious safeguard has been overlooked by every statute affecting property.

We welcome the news, therefore, that a group of M.P.s is considering the need for amending legislation.

But the Government should not wait for private Members to attempt reform, and perhaps have to wait for years before they can succeed. It should realise that official action is needed now—before more thousands of householders are held up to ransom.

Straight From The Shoulder

Dishing the Air Scaremongers

SCAREMONGERS have made the most of the Air Ministry's reluctance to blow its own trumpet. Maybe the modesty is overdone, while other nations boast about their air strength.

The recent mimic bombing raids on London were designed to test the city's defences. The Air Ministry contented itself with a statement that 80 per cent. of the raiders were countered before reaching their targets.

Great Recovery

Defence, however, is not our only concern, and perhaps the Air Ministry's disinclination to brag has been responsible in some ways for too many misgivings about our preparedness to attack.

Lord Swinton: Our Air Chief

But sufficient is already known to convince all fair-minded civilions that Britain's air recovery during 1935-37 is a magnificent achievement, unparelleled by any other country, whether under dictatorship or a free democracy.

The bald facts speak for themselves. In May, 1935, the Government undertook to raise seventy-one home-defence air squadrons. By June, 1937, the seventy-one squadrons had been formed, armed, equipped and accommodated.

The programme called for 2,500 more pilots and 22,000 volunteer airmen. By June 30 of this year 3,573 pilots and 27,692 airmen recruits had been accepted by the R.A.F. Papers of several hundred applicants are still being considered.

Making Work

This year £9,295,500 has been spent to provide twenty air stations, two flying training schools, three R.A.F. armament training camps, and a research station.

Factories have been enlarged and workshop layouts redesigned for mass production of more than 10,000 super-bombers, fighters, reconnaisance machines, flying boats and torpedo bombers.

Costly Security

Some people might consider all this a waste of good money that may be doing better work to bring succour to humanity. It depends on how you look at it

At the same time it must not be forgotten that this colossal re-equipment task has given steady employment to more than 100,000 workers, of whom 62,000 are skilled workmen—and if preparedness is the best form of defence, well, it looks as if the air scaremongers have been put right out of business.

Get Busy, Neville!

Nearly half of the applicants for unemployment assistance are forty-five years old or more.

More than a quarter of the claimants to unemployment insurance benefit are forty-five years old or more.

The great body of "long-unemployed," who have been workless for a year or more, are mainly older workers.

Obviously, industrial recovery is not providing re-employment for the "over forty-fives" and there is more need than ever for the Government to foster bold schemes which will save these luckless citizens from rusting into hopeless decay.

The Share-Pushers

We have told you the part JOHN BULL played in the excellent work of the Board of Trade Committee to enquire into the share-pushing menace.

Stop Leaks in "Bucket Shop" Law

Shame on the Child Beaters

Scholarships Scandal

Excellent as that Committee's recommendations are for the suppression of these swindling financiers, there are one or two urgent points which we stress for inclusion in the Parliamentary Bill about to be drafted.

Too Cheap

Not a single loop-hole must be left for the share-pushers to creep through. Therefore we submit that the proposed £500 deposit for the registration of an "outside broker" is quite inadequate.

A properly equipped "bucket-shop" is an expensive thing to start, and £500 would be easy for dishonest promoters to find.

Must Have Money

Further, we emphasise again one of the principal suggestions made by Sir Wyndham Childs in his evidence before the Committee.

If a Registrar is to be appointed to register "outside brokers" not already recognised by the Stock Exchange, then this official must be given adequate funds to make the most searching enquiries about all doubtful applicants.

Otherwise he cannot make a success of his difficult task, and rogues will be able to obtain registration with little difficulty.

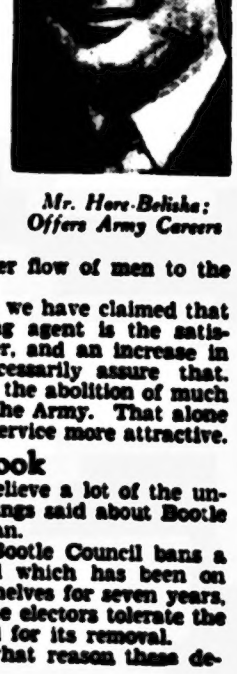
Guard the Child

The disturbing increase in cruelty to children must be stemmed. Last year 46,000 cases reported by the N.S.P.C.C. was the highest total for nearly twenty years.

We urge the public to be more vigilant in reporting cases where cruelty is suspected, and by example and watchfulness help to assure that happiness which is the best gift that parents can bestow to their children.

The New Army

Nobody will grudge the expense which Army pensions will involve if Mr. Hore-Belisha's long-service experiment plan achieves its purpose.



Mr. Hore-Belisha: Offers Army Careers

Signing - on men for the best seven years of their lives, with only the promise to *try* to find them jobs afterwards, never has been an attractive proposition. The new experiment has several admirable features, but it still is doubtful whether it will succeed in obtaining a greater flow of men to the Colours.

For a long time we have claimed that the best recruiting agent is the satisfied serving soldier, and an increase in pay does not necessarily assure that. There is room for the abolition of much petty tyranny in the Army. That alone would make the Service more attractive.

A Banned Book

We never did believe a lot of the uncomplimentary things said about Bootle and dear old Wigan.

But when the Bootle Council bans a famous war novel which has been on the local library shelves for seven years, we wonder why the electors tolerate the nit-wits who voted for its removal.

No matter for what reason these defenders of public morals banned the book, they might have had the gumption to realise what is now the fact.

The local bookshops are selling out of the "objectionable" volume, and exactly the opposite result of what had been expected is being achieved.

Cheating Talent

The iniquitous scholarships "Means Test" should be abolished.

When children prove their ability and win scholarships to a secondary school it is a cruel imposition on many middle-class parents that they derive no benefit from fostering their children's ambition, but have to fork out the fees just the same.

This economy stroke was made during a financial crisis. Times have changed, and this cheese-paring system which often chisels talent from its due reward must be scrapped.

Milk Bungling

Organised milk production is a sorry business. Milk production is the staple industry of Wiltshire, yet the education committee there claims it is impossible to obtain adequate supplies of fresh milk for school children.

In Britain at the moment, according to the Minister of Agriculture's annual report, there are 2,215,500 milk cows and heifers. Might seem a lot; but not sufficient, apparently, to make it unnecessary to have an increasing number of cases of malnutrition in Wiltshire, or for the maintenance of milk supplies by using manufactured powder.

You Pay!

Amazing how hefty the bill of costs becomes when anyone is chargeable to a public institution.

In a case at Lambeth a father was told: "You think you are an astute evader of your responsibilities." It was stated that £800 was the cost of keeping his boy at a home for five years and nine months during his absence.

Many a time a benevolent grant of a mere fraction of such amounts would save distressed people from making themselves "criminals."

Swim for Safety

Holiday-time brings with it a saddening crop of bathing tragedies in which boys are the victims.

The seaside cannot be fenced off, nor can barriers be built around all the stretches of water which lure pleasure-seeking youngsters on hot summer days.

But there might be fewer tragedies if it were regarded as important to teach all children to swim as how to cross the road. It would improve physical fitness also.

So Touchy!

Let's hope the tension between Berlin and the Vatican will not be increased by the Pope's purchase of an American motor-car to replace one of German make.

A lot is heard about Germany's right to expand. It is to be hoped that the desire of the Holy Father for a little more roominess while travelling will not be construed as another snub to Adolf, and an excuse for launching a few more pocket battleships and torchlight processions.

Holiday "Corn"

Cynics claim it is the farmers' privilege to grumble about their poverty—and play "toss" for quids!

Now we are hearing grumbles from boarding-house keepers that some farmers are prospering at their expense.

More people than ever are being attracted to holidays "down on the farm," and boarding-house prop[rietors] complain that, because they enjo[y] lower rates, our "Farmer Ha[sses] who provide accommodation have [a] another paying game.

Tight Fists

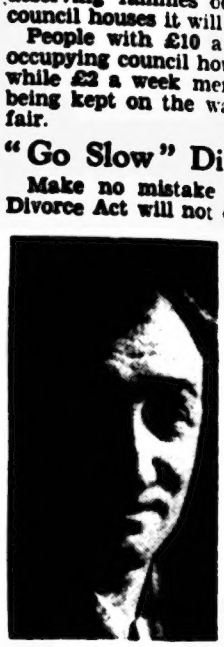
Municipalities in many parts are [gain]ning a census of the incomes o[f] of their council houses.

If this is utilised to weed out some deserving families occupying subs[idised] council houses it will be worth wh[ile].

People with £10 a week incomes occupying council houses in many [cases] while £2 a week men with fam[ilies] being kept on the waiting list. [Is] fair.

"Go Slow" Divorces

Make no mistake about it, the Divorce Act will not offer that short to freed which sands of h bands a wives are ing for



Mr. A. P. Herbert: "Joke" on him?

Already a authori have hai a large n of "ifs "buts." a the new gives the ju more scope satisfy the selves on po of "why" "wherefore."

So part in irks marriage bo will con to find road to liberty cluttered with stumbling-blocks.

For a long time yet, it is believ the opposers of this worth-while refo will feel inclined to say that this t the joke is on Mr. A. P. Herbert, chief sponsor.

Piling it On

When the existing Rent Act expi next June it is expected that the dec trol of at least a million more houses w be recommended. That will mean imm diate rent increases.

But beware the landlords already t ing to bluff tenants into paying mo under the pretext that their houses ha already become decontrolled. Tell th you'll write to JOHN BULL about it.

Good News

Not before time is the promise of ea legislation to secure fair wages and co ditions for shop assistants.

Details of wages rates are now bei worked out by the Ministry of Labo the employers' associations, and t trade unions concerned.

Many big employers are prepared give their workers a fair deal but a unjustly handicapped by cut-pri dealers and other unfair competitors.

KNOCK-OUTS

Sir Ian Hamilton: "Try to spe good words of foreign dictators or el "haud yer wheest.." *Their antics le us speechless already.*

* * *

Herr Julius Stricher: "Our Fuhrer the greatest physician in all history. *Yet Germans are beginning to feel pret sick about it.*

* * *

Dr. Martin Niemöller: "Heroic Chr tianity is still a human possibility. *Unfortunately so many humans are such impossible Christians.*

* * *

Lord Swinton (Air Minister): "A strong air force in this country is th greatest guarantee for the peace of th country." *Sure, the engines of the ai planes are beginning to coo like doves!*

MARTYRS of the GARRET

It is one thing to wax sentimental about the old folk at home. But it seems to be up a different street when it comes to providing "the necessary" to enable the old folk to have comfortable homes in the evening of their lives.

Old people who cannot afford more than a few shillings a week for rent have a housing problem far more baffling than faces most people. One way and another there are plenty of schemes for providing families with new and up-to-date accommodation.

Alas, in all too many cases the housing problem of "Darby and Joan" is forgotten.

Until now nobody has unduly exerted themselves to bring true the dream of so many old people—the simple dream of having, when one's day's work is done, just a little house, and "a bit of garden" with a corner to sit in when the sun shines, and a cosy fire to draw close to when the wind howls outside.

But there is still hope, and we are optimistic that with good will and determination, the new pensions scheme of the Labour Party will offer millions of old folk the prospect of greater security and a higher standard of comfort during their declining years.

This should be a piece of social legislation which none would dare to oppose.

For when one considers the terrible conditions in which hundreds of thousands of old folk are spending their last years, only those with hearts of granite can fail to blush with shame.

Often great hardship is added unnecessarily to old people's lives simply because they cannot get rooms or a flat or a little bungalow, at a proper rent.

To try to make ends meet their quest for the cheapest rooms they can find often takes them to the top of the house. While they are active and can negotiate the stairs it does not matter. But there are many cases in which old people become "prisoners" because some infirmity prevents them from getting up and down stairs.

In one case we know of an old woman lives alone in a room up six flights of stairs!

◆◆◆ She is partly paralysed in one leg and has bad heart. After one or two dizzy falls, she is now afraid to venture out unless when she is forced to buy herself food. There are days when her heart is so bad that she dare not risk that attempt. Consequently, she is left without food.

That is just one instance typical of many, and is a shocking illustration of how, for all our boasted progress, the lack of a few paltry shillings imprisons "Granny" in a garret—out of sight and out of mind.

But being forced to live alone, often among the chimney-pots, imposes on old people something more than the cheerlessness of lonely old age. It involves some of them in grave danger, also.

One woman of eighty had lived in a top room for years. She was well and active and the stairs did not bother her.

But she wore very old-fashioned clothes—voluminous skirt and many petticoats. She did her cooking on a gas-ring, which stood on the floor. One morning, while getting her breakfast, her clothes caught fire.

She ran on the landing to the water-tap, but her clothes blazed like paper, and, when her screams eventually brought neighbours, they found her terribly burned. She died on the way to hospital.

Another old woman of over seventy, also living alone, was burned; managed to crawl to her bed and fell on it unconscious. She lay there for two days until the relieving officer called and found her.

Six flights of stairs to reach her humble home—a dreaded ordeal for one who is no longer active

Despite the willingness of many kindly neighbours, it cannot be denied that often many old people are too proud to ask for help, and neighbours too busy with their own affairs to think of them.

But that argument cannot destroy the claims that better provision must be made for men and women when they have grown old in the services of their families, of industry, and of the State.

One of the surest ways of doing this is to make such financial provision for them that they will be relieved of the present hardship of having best part of their paltry little incomes eaten up by rent.

That is why we applaud the section of the Labour Party's Old People's Charter which proposes, conditional upon retirement from industry, that *"the standard rate of old-age pension will be raised from* 10s. *to £1 a week and* 35s. *for a married couple."*

Many other advantages would follow automatically upon putting a little more real money into the hands of the aged. Homes would not be broken up so easily. Nor would so many of them choose to endure the hardships which so often follows trying to preserve their much-cherished independence.

And, after all, why shouldn't the old people enjoy some independence?

To have to go to the home of a married son or daughter too often means that they must surrender their freedom—not always a palatable proposition.

As one old woman, justifying her independent attitude, put it in a nutshell: "If I want to 'ave a bit of fish and chips, I 'as a bit of fish and chips."

It is this attitude which makes a widow with no income but her old-age pension struggle along, often paying 6s. 6d. a week rent for a place in which she and her husband lived happily together for twenty years.

All through last winter, although she is eighty, she did not light a fire until 5 o'clock in the evening because she could not afford too much coal. But she had memories.

In a district not far from the West End of London there is a widow of seventy-nine. For twenty-nine years she and her husband lived in two rooms in a house which is now scheduled to be pulled down. Her husband died less than a year ago.

To move at all from the place where she spent so many happy years is to her a tragedy. But she insists that wherever she does go it must be *two* rooms. One room would mean having to part with some of the furniture, which she treasures. Also, she does not want to leave the district where she has lived all her life and have her friends.

◆◆◆ But she cannot pay more than 10s. a week rent, unless she goes short of food. So far, the landlord has not been able to find alternative accommodation for her.

One part of the solution of the problems affecting hundreds of thousands of old people in this country must be proper provision made for them in every housing estate built by a local authority.

The Ministry of Health approves of this and has, in fact, already authorised the building of some 25,000 dwellings for old people. But the need is for something much nearer half a million.

It is much better that old people should be left in the place where they have spent their lives whether it is town or country. There is usually some relation fairly near who can "keep an eye on them," and they are much happier when their roots are left in the old soil.

But that is no reason why they should be left to secure their homes as best they can in a haphazard way. Planning for them should be done as scientifically as for any other section of the community.

Where new housing means flats, old people should be given accommodation on the ground-floor. The interiors need not be so modern in design and decoration as in flats for younger people. Old people have their old-fashioned pieces of furniture which they like to have about them.

Where numbers of old people are housed together a good suggestion is to provide them with something on the lines of a simple service flat. A room or two rooms of their own with kitchen and bath. A housekeeper in charge to visit them every day and arrange for any "attendance," cleaning a room, meals, or any little personal attention. All, of course, at a low cost.

◆◆◆ Such a scheme would be a great boon to old people when they are ill. A laundry, a dining-room, and a communal sitting-room would also be welcome features.

There is no reason whatever, apart from selfish so-called economy, why couples living on the old-age pension should not have a cosy little home of their own with every comfort and at a rent which does not swallow the whole of their income.

But in building them it should be remembered that old people are to occupy them and they should, therefore, be designed to make as little work as possible.

Since it is estimated that to keep a person in a poor law institution costs a minimum of 28s. a week, surely it would be a considerable economy of public funds to provide them with homes of their own at a rent which enables them to live on their pensions.

Let our reformers buckle to the task.

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS DIRECTED BY SIR WYNDHAM CHIL

SALVATION ARMY REVOLT DISCLOSURES

General Eva Booth, in whose Army difficulties are arising over conditions of service

Watch Your STEP Before You SIGN

OUR postbag shows that representatives of an organisation with the impressive title of the "Consolidated World Research Society, Ltd.," of Shell-Mex House, London, W.C.2, are working at high pressure in many parts of the country.

Experience of a Birmingham reader is typical. To him a story was told by the traveller that the "Society" had decided, instead of spending large sums of money on advertising, to present as a gift a complete encyclopædia to a few selected persons on condition that they recommended it to their friends.

Too many people are flattered at being chosen for this distinction, and their "sales-resistance" suffers in consequence.

* * *

The bait having been laid, the salesman then explains that linked up with the gift is a wonderful research system.

The prospective customer is given the impression that he has to pay only 30s. a year for supplements to the encyclopædia, and in addition there is a special arrangement for dealing with subscribers' queries.

Warmed by the glowing persuasiveness of the salesman, the customer is induced to sign on the dotted line. Like so many members of the public the customer signs the contract without reading it carefully. Later he learns that he has signed a contract to pay 30s. a month, with a total liability of £19 10s., or £21, according to circumstances.

* * *

Once again the trick is done. The Consolidated World Research Society, Ltd., naturally cannot be held responsible for any verbal misrepresentations made by their employees, and they promptly demand fulfilment of the contract.

This campaign of unloading encyclopædias is organised by Messrs. C. Readhead and ?. S. Readhead, and is not new to us. They previously ran a similar scheme under the title of the British World Research Society, Ltd., with an address at Aldwych, London.

The activities of their representatives has been frequently criticised in the Press, and the company cannot, therefore, plead ignorance.

ALL is far from well with the great Salvation Army.

One of the symptoms of internal difficulties is the following advertisement which appeared recently in a national newspaper:

"Salvation Army Officers wanted to join in Protective Association to safeguard position.—Write in strictest confidence to Box ——."

Never before in the history of the Salvation Army have its officers come out in what amounts to open revolt against rules and regulations which prohibit any form of trade unionism amongst officers. Enquiries show that this is only one aspect of widespread unrest.

Disruptive movements are being planned in various parts of the world. These, like the plan to form a "Protective Association," are expressions of the discontent against the autocratic form of government which places in the hands of one person, the General for the time being, complete authority over the temporal as well as the spiritual lives of 26,204 cadets and officers.

* * *

Part of the resentment is based on the strange conditions under which its officers labour. There are 26,204 officers and cadets on whole-time Salvation Army work, but none of them has any legal claim to a penny of salary.

Early this year a young woman brought a claim for compensation against the Salvation Army—and lost it. She had been a cadet-officer, and while engaged in her Salvation Army duties injured her leg to such extent that she was unfit for further duties. Having to give up her work because of an injury gained in Army service, she found herself in a hopeless position. She consulted solicitors and an action was begun. At the trial of the case the claim was dismissed on the ground that there was no contract basis to her Salvation Army officership.

The amazing truth is this: not one of the 26,204 cadets and officers who have given up their livelihoods for whole-time work with the Salvation Army has any claim to payment for such service.

A candidate for officership is required to sign a form containing 85 questions, all of which must be answered. Question 51 reads:

"Do you understand and agree that, as an intending officer, you are giving yourself to the work of the Salvation Army, that you are not 'employed,' that you have no right to any 'wages,' that there is no contract of service, and that whatever your future rank or service may be, your position, so long as you remain in The Army, will be that of a voluntary co-operator in the Army's work. . . ."

Certain questions have to be answered in the affirmative by the candidate, otherwise he, or she, cannot become an officer. Such answers completely take from an officer any right to wages. Instead, they are permitted to receive an "allowance," after all other expenses are paid—labour in the Salvation Army is the last, not the first, charge on industry.

Two other questions in the candidates' form create another remarkable situation. Question 59 reads:

"Do you agree to contribute 2½ per cent. of your allowance (that is, sixpence in the £) to the Salvation Army Officers' Pension Fund, which is for the purpose of providing pensions for invalid officers and for the widows of officers? Do you understand this and do you now, in consideration of the acceptance of your application (if accepted) authorise the deduction of this 2½ per cent. accordingly?"

But there is not in existence for the use of ordinary officers any publication which tells them anything whatever about the Pensions Fund.

That is not the strangest aspect of this pension business, for Question 60 sets out:

"Do you understand that under no circumstances whatever can any of your contributions to the Pensions Fund be returned to you?"

Most, if not all, pensions funds run by employers for the benefit of employees make a specified refund when employees leave the service. That is ordinary equity. Not so with the Salvation Army officers. If they leave the service they have no legal right to repayment of any part of their contribution.

Every effort is being made by International Headquarters to prevent the growth of a reform movement. Officers known to be favourable have been transferred to posts in distant parts of the world. A notice has been sent to officer in the United Kingdom, a retired or on active service. T headed, "Salvation Army Affa Matters of Public Interest, and as follows:

"Officers, whether in active s or retired, are not permitted p to express their personal views o subject of a controversial n unless the Army's administ after careful consideration, has viously formulated a definite o policy in relation to such que nor to issue nor publish in the any pamphlet, letter, statemen article unless and until the same been authorised and approved b Chief of Staff."

Special steps were taken in resp this instruction. It was sent by po every one of more than 25,000 of each of whom was instructed acknowledge his intention to obe return of post. The cost of the po alone has been more than £300.

Both in Germany and Japan the vation Army organisation has rev against London control. A Com sioner appointed by International H quarters to take over Germany ha be recalled and a German appointe his place, while in Japan there something in the nature of a light strike to secure autonomy.

Shortly a "Conference of Com sioners" will be held, at which propo are likely to be put forward to a the constitution of the Salvation A in conformity with present-day fe and democratic ideals.

Over any such proposals a stern battle is certain to wage.

Silver-Tongued Anna

LOOK out for Anna Neal. Well dressed, refined in manner and speech, she possesses a charming smile and, although she is in her fifty-second year, doesn't look a day over forty.

"Anna Neal" is not her name, but just one of numerous aliases she uses at will. Often she prefaces them, too, with "Sister."

Chief Insp. Campion, in charge of the Yard's records where Anna is well known

In many different towns people have been defrauded by her, and police forces in the provinces, as well as detectives from Scotland Yard, are now engaged in a search for her.

A good deal of space, too, has been allotted to her various masquerades in a specially issued memorandum recently sent to every chief police station in the country.

The woman's favourite story is that she has just returned from a long business mission abroad, which occupied many years, but enabled her to make a good deal of money. Her object is to settle down to a well-earned retirement, for which purpose she is looking for a nice country residence, with commodious grounds in which she can entertain parties from welfare homes convalescent institutions.

She called on a provincial estate agent the other day and spent some hours in his car going round looking at likely establishments. Finally she agreed on one, and returned to the office to sign the necessary documents. Then in her inimitable fashion she discovered" that she had left her money at her hotel, and would be grateful if the estate agent could oblige her with a few pounds or so. He did; and saw her no more.

Estate agents are not her only victims. She singles out select boarding-houses, tells the owner the tale, books the best rooms, and "anticipates" that she will be staying for some months. After a few hours she regrets that she is temporarily short of cash, pending the arrival of her luggage and cheque-book etc., and negotiates a loan ranging from £10 to £30. Once she has the money she disappears.

Another of her many tricks is to go to a fashionable shop, purchase expensive goods, and hand over a cheque made out for much more than the value. Obtaining the change, she gives a false address and vanishes.

ugust 21, 1937

Too Fishy for Us

FAR cry from fishing tackle to Oriental carpets, but these appear to be the chief attrac- in the trading programme of ards who are operating at pre- from Welwyn Garden City, Herts. o separate advertisements have been issued from this address— by a firm called "Pilot ers offering fishing tackle for sale, the other by a person named "L. hards" who offers carpets at greatly ced prices.

ere of complaints which have ed about these advertisers, and rmation obtained, both are in need a little salutary publicity.

* * *

bout a year ago "Pilot Sports" was own as the "Pilot Gut Company," d as proprietor, F. E. Ablett, was g an address at Redditch. People o sent money for fishing tackle did receive it, and newspapers which ted advertisements for Ablett ve never been able to obtain settle- of their accounts.

Enquiries reveal that the Redditch dress was just an "accommoda- " Letters for the "Pilot Gut Com- " were re-directed on Ablett's structions to Neeld Crescent, London, W. For some time, however, Ablett s not been available there. Several cess servers with county court war- s have made calls for him in vain.

* * *

What connection exists between "L. Richards" and "F. E. Ablett" is not ite clear. There is evidence, how- , that copy for newspaper adver- ements has been sent from "Pilot ors, Welwyn Garden City, with an companying letter in Richards' name, d enclosing a catalogue of "Pilot ors" carrying the name of Ablett! Ablett, too, has recently advertised in rovincial papers, offering carpets for le. Replies thereto are sent at his ress to Welwyn!

The Welwyn address is a private house. It would be well if the police looked o the activities of these "Box and ot" advertisers.

Science, through analysis, can help prevent recurrences of this sort

Farm Wage Slaves

CONDITIONS of labour which often amount to practical slavery have been suffered by unemployed workers enlisted in this country through Ministry of Labour offices, and sent to Jersey to harvest this season's potato and tomato crops.

Wages paid to the men are scandalously low, amounting to an average of 7½d. an hour; considerably less than for similar service in England.

Living conditions on the island are frequently insanitary. The men are sometimes forced to live in dilapidated sheds, which are vermin infested, and quite unfit for human habitation.

Under the pressure of their temporary masters the unfortunate men are made to labour in the fields from six in the morning until eight at night on five days in the week. On their "half-day" — Saturdays — they work two hours less.

Only the Ministry of Labour can secure the necessary reform.

Disquieting FOOD DEATHS MYSTERY

IN the public interest an official statement should be issued by the Ministry of Health concerning the recent Cirencester food poisoning epidemic.

The facts of this disastrous outbreak in the Gloucestershire town—which is named the "Capital of the Cotswolds"—are extremely disquieting.

No fewer than 136 cases of serious illness occurred in Cirencester and surrounding villages due to eating germ-contaminated meat.

And there were three deaths from the same cause.

So far, no attention has been given in the national newspapers to this startling state of affairs. It is left to JOHN BULL to issue the general warning.

* * *

For what happened in this charming Gloucestershire town can apparently happen anywhere.

When the first cases in the epidemic were reported, Dr. H. F. W. Adams, the local medical officer of health, took energetic steps. There were urgent communications with the Ministry of Health, Whitehall, and consultations with doctors whose patients were sufferers.

Specimens of suspected food were sent to the Clinical Research in London for laboratory tests.

It was definitely established that the outbreak was caused by a germ known as gaertner, which was found in samples of pressed beef submitted for analysis. The same germ was isolated at the post-mortem examination of the three victims.

Gradually the chain of evidence was completed. Finally the source of infection was traced to a pickling brine tank at a local food factory.

At the inquest on one of those who unfortunately died, the Rev. P. P. Goldingham, a retired Church of England clergyman, experts stated that the food factory was well conducted and run on modern lines. Every possible precaution was taken to avoid infection.

The sanitary inspector for the district gave evidence to the effect that he had inspected the factory on five days each week for the past two and a half years, and was satisfied with everything he saw.

He admitted, in reply to a question by the foreman of the jury, that his daily visits were always about the same time of day.

After the verdict—"death was due to misadventure"—the jury rightly suggested that in future factories should, if possible, be inspected at varied times of the day and not at fixed times.

The two other deaths were Mr. Joseph A. Bishop, a postal official, aged fifty-eight, of Cheltenham Road, Stratton, Cirencester, and Mr. H. T. Day, a clerk, aged forty-six, of Purley Road, Cirencester.

Particularly distressing is the plight of Mrs. Bishop, the widow of the postal official. Her husband was due to retire on a comfortable pension in less than eighteen years. His untimely passing has meant something like financial disaster for this unhappy Cirencester household.

To make matters worse, a daughter was also a sufferer from the food poisoning and for days lay under the shadow. With the death of her husband, the income of Mrs. Bishop ceased.

* * *

Questions of compensation to the bereaved will arise no doubt.

But beyond all else, what is necessary is drastic regulations which will prevent effectively similar food poisoning.

True, that in Cirencester nobody was held to blame. Yet infection of food such as took place in the local factory should be preventable.

And it must be made preventable. **Science can surely suggest a means to this end. Valuable lives must not be sacrificed again in such a manner. Scores of people must not be affected with preventable illness.**

Now that the alarm is given, immediate action should come from the Ministry of Health.

Threat to Famous Village

HERE is the story of the saddest housing "reform," affecting hundreds of people, which we ve ever had to expose.

It will bring ruin to some, hardship to ny, in the famous Cornish village of wyn, near Penzance.

Aged couples, whose only income is e old-age pension, are to lose the mes which they bought with their e savings, offered compensation so all that it is hardly worth the name, d be compelled to live in council uses at the top of one of Britain's steepest hills.

For which privilege they will be ex- ted to pay rents they cannot pos- ly afford.

Widows, families, ex-Service men—all e to be turned out of house because e Penzance Borough Council is deter- ined to raze the most picturesque part of a village whose beauty has attracted ch distinguished artists as Dame ura Knight, the Proctors, and Victoria Birch.

JOHN BULL has always led the demand for slum clearance. It is equally ready to condemn cases of injustice arising from a distorted interpretation of the clearance laws.

And this is one.

A few of the condemned properties are ranked among the best houses in the district. Others, described as "unfit for human habitation," have been occupied for fifty and sixty years by people who have always enjoyed perfect health.

And some, whose owners were advised by a previous council not to undertake certain alterations, are now to be levelled by the housebreakers because the alterations were not made!

Then there is the plight of Miss Mary Nicholls, who looks after an aged father and a crippled brother. The brother has to be wheeled out in a chair, and if they are moved to a council house up the hill he will probably never go out again.

To that hill, with its gradient of *one in five*, must also go a woman of eighty-five who has lived happily in her present home for nearly seventy years.

There are two maiden ladies whose humble but well-kept cottage was assessed at £175 a year or so ago by the district valuer. Now they are to have it taken from them and receive in exchange £30 or £40 for its "site value."

Quite a few of the doomed places boast new roofs, good rooms, reasonable ventilation, but are attacked because their backyards are small. One has been built only twenty years; as a contrast, another had for its previous occupant a woman who lived there to the age of one hundred and one.

Typical of scores of victims is Joseph Harvey, who made a passionate plea at the recent Ministry of Health enquiry into the clearance scheme. "I stand to be a ruined man," he cried. "What would I have to live for? My very existence is at stake."

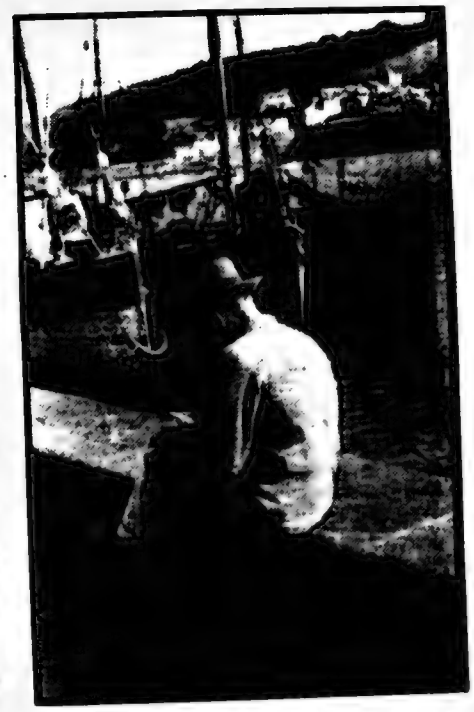
Fishing is the means of existence to a large proportion of Newlyn's families. And the fishermen know they cannot live unless there are adequate cellars or sheds for their nets and tackle in the new houses, described as "monstrosities" at the enquiry, which are to be built for them.

All are proud of their village, which stretches healthily from the hills down to the sea. They are not worried because some of its lanes are twisted and narrow.

But officialdom openly insists that it should be treated no differently than the airless slums of Liverpool and Glasgow, even though this means destroying much of its beauty and charm.

"They are tearing the heart out of Newlyn," a villager tells us. Tearing out the hearts, too, of its men and women.

We hope, therefore, that the Minister of Health will respond to their poignant petition which Mr. Alec Beechman, M.P., is conveying to him—respond by refusing permission to the plan which would mean, as they point out, "the loss of a lifetime's savings, and in many instances the means of livelihood."



Newlyn, artist's paradise, is to be reconstructed, bringing hardship to many

CANDID COMMUNICATION

FARR'S GREATEST DANGER

DEAR TOMMY FARR. — You carry with you in America the good wishes of all Britain's boxing enthusiasts. But because you are right on top of the British boxing world just now, therefore you are in greater danger than ever before.

Listen, Tommy. As the Americans put it, I want to "be a booster, not a knocker." But there is no doubt that you left behind an impression that you went away "green."

My candid opinion is that as a champion you are less all right than *all left*.

To some extent you are a one-handed champion, for that right "mit" of yours needs improvement. That is to say, while your left hand is good enough, your right, definitely, is not. It needs lessons in the art of following up the advantages made by your splendid left.

You need more finishing power. Remember, you did not convince old-timers by your knocking out of Walter Neusel. That "k.o." would not have finished Louis

That unsatisfactory ending made people wonder.

* * *

I like you, Tommy, and I wish you all the best in the world, but I doubt whether you yourself were thoroughly satisfied that your right-hand punch *did* render Neusel quite unconscious.

Don't forget, there is a lot to be said for an old British champion's belief that "You've got to kill 'em to get the verdict over there." Which means that your opponents must not be on their feet when the final bell rings.

Many of us would have more confidence in your ability to win the world title had you received a few tips on using the right from either ex-Bombardier Wells or Carpentier.

Could "Billy" Wells use it? Oh my!

The famous and gallant Irish Guardsman, Dan Voyles, stopped one of those straight rights and came to the conclusion that boxing was a cruel sport.

Fred Storbeck, the South African giant, was so battered by that right hand that he suffered headaches for over a year and had to quit the game.

Packey Mahoney, "The Irishman with the Iron Jaw," had that jaw broken by one of the Bombardier's rights, and Paul Journee, champion of France, retired from boxing after collecting a few of those straight 'uns at the Albert Hall.

* * *

Oh, Tommy! If only you had a right like that we would all be getting ready to cheer your victories over Louis, Schmeling, and the others.

Anyway, here's hoping you win: but if Louis should get the verdict, remember that you will still be young enough to return home and have that right hand looked after.—JOHN BULL.

That right "mit" of yours needs improvement

Ald. J. P. TURNER,
Mayor of Mitcham

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—There should be general admiration for the protest you made at the opening of the town's world-famous show.

It was a "lion tamer" sideshow exploiting the fate of the ex-Rector of Stiffkey which aroused your ire, and I offer you my compliments for your outspoken condemnation of such a glaring example of bad taste.—JOHN BULL.

LILIAN SAYER,
Walthamstow

CHEAT.—I have heard of people so mean that if they were ghosts they would not give anyone a fright.

Strikes me you are in that category.

To load your scales so that schoolchildren who bought sweets from you were cheated in weight was one of the meanest things I can imagine.—JOHN BULL.

Sir SAMUEL HOARE,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR SAMUEL,—The proposed abolition of the "ticket-of-leave" man will be welcomed by all those whose mentality has risen above the level of the old-time "penny dreadful."

Some of the reforms in the prison system which you hope to bring about by new legislation are improvements I have been suggesting for years.

They are long overdue, and you will earn commendable distinction if you strain every effort to make sure they are no longer delayed.—JOHN BULL.

Coal Customers Not Wanted—Let Emperors Envy—It's Just Gross Bad Taste

Capt. H. F. C. CROOKSHANK,
Minister of Mines

DEAR SIR,—You inherited from your short-sighted predecessors a dangerous policy that is going to do great harm to the British coal industry unless you rectify it right away.

Under the quota scheme, pits have been compelled to restrict their output merely to create a false shortage and force up prices.

British pits have been compelled to refuse export orders which are now going to Germany, which has increased its exports this year by over five million tons.

Unless you let British collieries cater for foreign customers we may lose this export market for good.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. E. NORMAN,
Natl. Assoc. Probation Officers

DEAR SIR.—I am with you in deprecating such slick police court work that deals with thirty-five cases in forty minutes.

Great believer in the speeding-up of legal process as I am, I also believe that, first and last, doing justice to the person in the dock must come before consideration of the routine and convenience of court officials. The law must not work *too* fast.—JOHN BULL.

Father O'SHAUGHNESSY, London: May you never lose collar-stud that saved your life when knifed by maniac.—JOHN BULL.

CHARLES HEWITT,
Selby, Yorks

DEAR CHARLIE, — Although only eighteen years of age, you must realise that the ways of a hero are hard.

It was tough luck that you should lose your wages-packet from your pocket while rescuing a drowning boy from the canal.

I'm glad that after repeated dives you found your precious packet. But it strikes me as ironic that after risking your life to save the boy you had to risk it over and over again to "rescue" your wages.—JOHN BULL.

Lord BADEN-POWELL,
The Chief Scout

MY LORD,—I was touched by your farewell words to 28,000 scouts of all nations on the closing day of the World Jamboree. You realised that, in your eighty-first year, you might never meet again many of those boys who are just at the beginning of their life.

So you urged on them the necessity of the cultivation of friendship and the solution of international p.oblem peaceful discussion.

A worthy message from a w man. To have enshrined yours the hearts of millions of boys generations the world over, as you done, is an honour emperors well envy.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. F. BECCLE (Rochford Co **Appalled by story that youth let w drown because had no courage in a suit.—JOHN BULL.**

Dr. KENNETH FRASER, M.O.H. *Cumberland County Council*

DEAR SIR,—I am living in hope, am sure you are, that one day the dians of the nation's health wi their teeth into the task of bridgi absurd gap in the public den services.

At present, facilities are offer schoolchildren, but after that the d never sees the majority of them until they reappear, in pain, for plete extractions something li years later.

When so much avoidable ill-heal traced to dental trouble the na teeth should be the nation's care.— BULL.

Prof. ERNEST BARKER: If mank us are "duds," it must be at el times.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. SAMUEL D. STEINBERG, *Now in London*

DEAR VISITOR.—Ace Showman America or not, afraid I can't ra topper to you, old boy

In your reckoning, we are dumb. don is flat, and what we lack is of ballyhoo.

Hocki tock, buddy! Don't realise it is the absence of ba that keeps Britain on the fron as the commander of the head We are not showmen, sonny boy, get things done.—JOHN BULL

General FRANCO: Why ban Chaplin films? Jealous of his mous —JOHN BULL.

—NOT FROM— DOLLY'S BOY FRIEND —THE B.B.C.—

ALL the nice girls love a sailor,
For the song has told us so;
It appears likewise that airmen
Can be numbered with those rare men
Ev'ry girl would wish to know.

But the days when Mr. Atkins,
In his uniform so gay,
Was a pet, alas! have vanished;
Yes, poor Thomas has been banished
From the heart of Dolly Grey!

Dolly's not the faithful maiden
Of whose charms we used to sing,
For the hussy now would sooner
Grant her favours to a crooner
Than a soldier of the King!

This, obviously, is one of those numerous matters about which Something Must Be Done. And Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha means to do it.

Having, as O.C. Beacons, done his best to turn us all into road scholars, he is now out, as Minister of War, to turn as many of us as possible into drill sergeants' yes-men.

* * *

The Army, as you may have noticed, is much less congested than when they were running those popular free trips to France and other places of interest, and our Leslie opines that one reason for this is that the Navy and the Air Force are more richly endowed with sex appeal.

All the nice girls simply love to be shown over a battleship, and most of them suffer from the illusion that all members of the Air Force are authentic heroes who spend their time soaring through the empyrean—if you know what I mean.

Love Favours Crooners

Actually, very few Air Force men ever leave the good earth, but it is not easy to get unromantic facts of this kind into Dolly Grey's permanently-waved head. Leslie, however, means to try.

Whether his scheme of Middle-Age Pensions for recruits will cause vast numbers of hitherto absent-minded beggars to remember to join the colours remains to be seen. It is doubtful if it will go far toward counteracting the allure of sweetly-pretty Air Force uniforms with the gentlemen that blondes prefer.

Nor will officers' messes become crowded if aspirants to a military career are treated like young Mr. Robert Birmingham, who, after becoming sarint-majaw in the O.T.C. and passing the Army entrance examination, failed to attain the "desired standard" for entrance to Sandhurst. Two of the reasons given being (a) he had no private income (b) there was a "lack of Army tradition in the family."

The Army, by gad! is no place for a
Who hasn't a coin of his own!
He would not pull his weight in the
and we'd hate
To permit any lowering of tone
In the standards we've always set
maintain
In our very correct
And extremely select
Little Army!

From the Army, my lad, if your grea
and dad
Devoted their talents to trade,
You'll get a rebuff, for it's not of
stuff
That heroes can ever be made!

But if war should arrive you'll no
find a place
In a rather less phoney,
Less frightfully tony
Young Army!

Y.

Hitler's LONDON Secret Service

Ernst Bohle, Hitler's head of the Nazi organisation which spies on innocent German refugees

Even when let out of a Nazi concentration camp, he cannot be sure that he will not be spied on, wherever he goes

By A. G. GARDINER

THE latest storm which has blown up between Britain and Germany will, I dare-say, pass over. But it will be followed by other storms. For the causes will remain. I propose in this article to show what those causes are.

On the face of it, the facts look like those of one and half a dozen of the past. The British Government has expelled four German journalists from this country—that is to say, it has refused to renew their permits to reside here.

Germany has retaliated by ordering a *Times* correspondent to leave Berlin and threatens to expel other representatives of English papers.

These are the simple facts. What is behind the facts?

There is no article of our creed more precious than that of the freedom of the Press. The British journalist is at liberty to say anything he likes about the policy of this country or any other country. The foreign journalist resident here must can do the same.

The case is otherwise with the dictatorships. Whether in Germany, Italy or Russia, the first act of the dictator has been to seize the newspapers and make them an instrument of his policy.

Nothing must be printed of which the dictator disapproves. No breath of criticism must reach the public.

This censorship is extended to the foreign Press. There is hardly a responsible English newspaper which has not been shut out of Germany, Italy and Russia at some time. Not long ago Germany put a ban upon all English newspapers except those of Lord Rothermere, and Hitler has expelled many foreign journalists (including four from this country) from Germany for speaking freely about Nazi policy.

What, then, is the meaning of the present incident? Why have we resented the expulsion of the four German journalists? Not because of anything they have written as journalists. They are as free to say what they choose as we are.

Is it because of their reasonable propagandist activities. We allow a latitude in this respect that would not be tolerated for a day in Berlin or Rome.

Among the German correspondents in London are several who circulate pamphlets and bulletins which are nothing but veiled Nazi propaganda.

In a sense journalism is often only a disguise. They are political agents, whose business is to report to the headquarters of the Getaspo in Berlin, where the detailed records of persons in this country regarded as unfriendly to the Nazi rule are kept up to date.

I do not think there can be any doubt that the reasons for the expulsion (which has doubtless been communicated to the German Government) are connected with the doings of the Nazi Foreign Organisation.

This institution is a sort of world-wide secret service which works in conjunction with the German Foreign Department.

Its head is Herr Ernst Bohle, who, significantly enough, was recently appointed to a permanent position in the German Foreign Office and given a seat in the German Cabinet.

The business of this body is not "spying" in a military sense. It is to keep all German nationals and refugees living abroad under constant observation and to further the interests of the Nazi régime by subterranean methods.

The working of this system is notorious and has been the subject of frequent questions in Parliament. "It is true," said the Home Secretary, in reply to one of these questions, "that the police are watching German agents here.

"But it is not in the public interest to detail the measures which are taken by the authorities to deal with such activities."

Early this year the Home Office issued instructions to the Special Branch to concentrate on investigating the operations, often unwelcome and in some cases dangerous, of the organisation.

It had come to light that of the total number of German nationals permitted to settle in England—some with labour permits, which enabled them to follow genuine employment—there was a small but growing section whose occupation was a disguise for secret political work.

The intelligence system of the organisation is astonishingly accurate. Take an example: Sir Walter Citrine arranged to attend a secret international conference last year, the venue of which was unknown. All he knew was that he was to go by air to Holland and would be met and conducted by a courier to the place.

Only one official was supposed to know where the conference would be. Yet a week before the conference more than twenty delegates who were coming from Germany were arrested by the secret police and detained.

Many German refugees here have come to grief on venturing to return to Germany owing to information supplied from London of the papers they were reading, the friends they met.

One, who had been in the habit of buying, near the Marble Arch, the banned paper, now issued from Paris, *Das Neue Tagebuch*, was arrested and sent to a concentration camp, where he still is.

Two others, on a visit to relations, one travelling by Holland and the other by Belgium, were stopped at the frontier, faced with the fact that they had been reading anti-Nazi literature in London, and sent to concentration camps. They have never returned.

One refugee, arrested at the frontier, was confronted with a photograph of himself sitting in a Regent Street café reading an anti-Nazi newspaper. He, too, disappeared into a concentration camp.

Several complaints, too, have been recently made to the Special Branch by German refugees who are followed about, menaced, and even subjected to mysterious robberies at their homes. Passports have been stolen and correspondence interfered with.

One of the worst features of this infamous traffic is the terrorism which is exercised over the refugees who have relatives left behind in Germany.

If they cannot be punished here, they can be punished vicariously through their relatives. I know personally of more than one case of this sort, relating to men of the highest character, the homes of whose relatives in Germany have been ransacked as the result of the work of the secret service men here.

This is the monstrous system out of which the present storm has arisen. In a civilised society it would be enough for the Government of one country to call the attention of the other Government to such practices in order to bring them to an end.

But not so the dictators. They are outside the pale of civilised practice. When the offences are called to their notice, they do not stop them, apologise for them or discourage them.

And when, as in this case, the free country whose decencies and liberties are abused, is driven to take action in its own defence, it is threatened with reprisals against honourable newspapers.

If Herr Hitler desires, as he sometimes seems to desire, an improvement in Anglo-German relations, let him stop this impudent interference with the liberties of this free country.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

A K.O. FOR COURAGE

ONE of the reasons why so many people are unhappy is that they have never realised the difference between thinking about something and brooding over it. There is as much difference as there is in something looked at in turn through both ends of a telescope.

To think is to reason: and to reason is to get things in proportion, to see things in perspective, to look forward, to plan and to devise. Thinking must be done towards a definite end, or it isn't thinking.

Brooding has just the opposite effect. It throws everything out of perspective. It gives you everything in wrong proportions. It magnifies molehills into mountains. It drags up clouds to obscure the sun and it throws you back on yourself. It's as much a rank poison as vigorous thought is a tonic.

Too much introspection—which is a big name for worrying too much about yourself—is nothing but a drug. To understand yourself is one thing—and a good thing. But to sit and look at yourself and worry about yourself, to pity yourself and moan about yourself, is the very worst thing you can do. It has the same effect as giving yourself a stiff dose of chloroform.

It puts courage to sleep, kills initiative and breeds pessimism.

When you have a problem to solve square up to it. Face it. Think it out. Then either do something about it or forget it.

But whatever you do, don't brood over it: for whatever happens—if it ever happens—won't be half as bad as your imagination can make it appear in advance!

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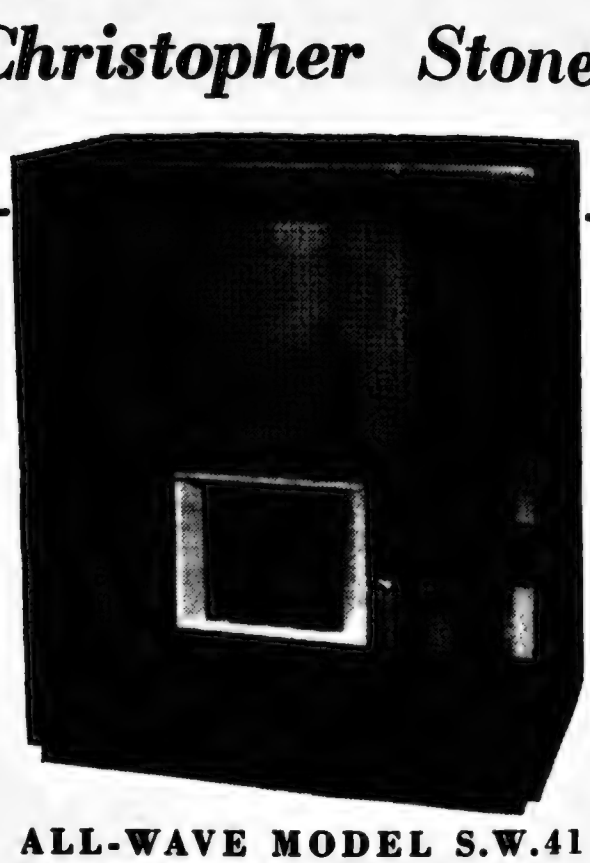

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Something dynamic stirs her to consciousness while his lips still linger. She looks up. It is Sir Montmorency Blueblood Bart., or the son of the man who owns the mill where she works, whichever the case might be.

Readers get their full twopennyworth when the wedding-bells ring out.

Well, here is bad news for the novelette writers who exploit that theme. They have got to make drastic changes in their recipe.

Some hundreds of Lancashire mill-girls left England between July 30 and August 3 for Ostend. Like 58,000 people, mainly working folk, who travelled with them, they were going to spend their holidays in Belgium.

That is a record. Here is another. In that same week-end 34,000 people left Folkestone or Dover for France, 7,000 more than the previous record. Again some hundreds of them were girls from Lancashire mill towns.

Seven mill-girls in one party are actually on holiday at the moment along the Dalmatian coast.

One Warrington mill-girl—she runs the "club" it is true—is actually holidaying in Finland.

Will they have to meet Sir Montmorency Blueblood in the cocktail bar sipping, or basking in the sunshine of Nice, or watching the odorous operations of the charcoal-burners in the Landes Forest?

Well, anyway, hear what various travel agencies have to say about this year's record holiday rush for abroad.

The Workers' Travel Association, for instance —

"We have sent 30,000 people of modest means abroad this year and bookings are still pouring in. Compare that with the figure for 1923—which was 820.

"We estimate that 85 per cent. more working people have gone abroad this year than last, and next year even 1937's figures should be dwarfed.

"When mill-workers can go abroad . . . Well, think of the plight of Lancashire. Remember that these girls are well paid. Remember that many of them have unemployed menfolk to help keep.

"When they can go abroad for their holidays the last little bit of insularity that prevented English people from travelling abroad or even learning a foreign language has either disappeared or is on the verge of doing so."

Yes, British insularity has received its first or two rude shocks this year.

We are used to extra trains from London to the Channel ports. On many occasions this year it has been necessary to run extra cross-Channel boats.

And a most conservative estimate, 100,000 people from this country have this year spent their annual holidays abroad.

The Passport Office has had to import workers from other Government departments to deal with the 3,000 applications a day—representing not an increase in travelling by the leisured classes, for they are going abroad somewhat less if anything, but by salary or wage-earning people.

The biggest increase has been among ironworkers. Five times as many have gone abroad this year—a sign that trade is looking up.

The next biggest increase is among printers—after that, among transport workers. You'd be amazed to know how many drivers and firemen of our famous trains have gone to France, Italy, Germany, Belgium.

After that—we may as well group them among the men—schoolboys. Two have gone to Baghdad on £50. Fifty-seven have gone to Canada in two parties. Thousands have distributed themselves over Europe wherever there are mountains.

It is inexplicable why boot and shoe workers are hardly represented in the lists of foreign holiday-makers at all. Miners alone are under them in those lists—and the depression, from which, perhaps, they were the worst sufferers, must be blamed for that.

Shopgirls and typists have gone abroad in their scores of thousands. Bless your life, the one-country foreign holiday has become small meat to them. They are demanding four and even five countries in their fortnight or so's break.

Schoolteachers, who always travelled abroad a great deal, are going farther afield. Hundreds of them have gone to Jamaica, South Africa, Java, Tahiti.

One Leeds holiday club paid out more than £15,000—most of which, it is believed, went in enabling small-salaried girls to see places they had hitherto only dreamed about.

Meet some of the people who crossed the ocean in August Bank Holiday week. Short or long, their sea voyages represent High Adventure. Columbus never experienced more surprises than they encountered in foreign cafés, cabarets, theatres.

Take Miss M——, Northampton cashier. Skegness represents her biggest thrill hitherto. This year, it was the Riviera. "I put all my loose change in a box," she said, "and that meant giving up my cigarettes among other things."

Miss D. M—— is interpreter in a Kensington hotel. Nothing curious about an interpreter going abroad, you might think. But consider . . .

Four years ago Miss D. M—— went to Belgium as a nursemaid. She learned two languages in two years, and then got a job in London as a receptionist.

A holiday in Germany helped her to add German to her repertoire and so land her hotel job, and this year, by special arrangement with the hotel management, made possible by the good work she did during the Coronation rush, she is going to Athens.

Miss L. S——, clerk at Somerset House, has set sail for Sweden. "I went to France for my first foreign holiday last year," she said, "sold one or two old frocks for £2, feeling I would be short of money, and then came back with £7 unspent."

Mr. J. S—— is an attendant in one of London's public baths. "It's Blankenberghe for me," he said. "My first trip abroad. My pal and I are walking to the coast so that we'll have more to spend there."

And Mr. L. N——, a Liverpool caretaker: "Me and my missus have gone to the Isle of Man seven years in succession and enjoyed it.

"But so many of our friends who never went abroad before have been trying foreign parts and telling us, 'Why, there's nothing to bother about at all. It's surprising how well you get along,' that we have decided to try Holland.

Asked which foreign resorts were most popular among British working people, the various travel agencies were unanimous in saying: "Ostend."

The short crossing, the cheapness of the hotels, the fact that English is so generally understood there, all contribute to that.

Thousands more every year, however, go to the Dalmatian coast. The reason —"They just recommend it to one another. That's all we can think."

Nice is becoming more popular with them—in fact, the Riviera is becoming tremendously popular with British wage-earners.

"The thousands we have sent there had a pleasant surprise," said the W.T.A. "They found French working people in thousands.

"This year, for the first time, French people are learning the meaning of holidays on full pay, and the Riviera is very popular with them."

Together by the seaside, said this official, all sorts of permanent international friendships were formed.

Countless French men and women confessed they had never understood the English point of view before—countless English people told French friends something similar.

That is happening all round. We are fast ceasing to be the cold, insular people who never recognised any point of view but our own, and who claimed it as something of a virtue that we "couldn't learn those deuced foreign lingoes."

To-day, according to the L.C.C., our children are picking up foreign languages just as quickly as French or German children.

They learn from fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, who decided on a foreign holiday with some trepidation and then came back excited at the fact that they had made themselves thoroughly understood.

And it is cutting both ways. More foreigners are coming here to enjoy themselves.

They kept away from us when we were so cold and insular, for everybody will avoid the standoffish man.

No fewer than 369,674 of them came to see us in the last twelve months for which figures are available, and which excludes the Coronation months.

At least 50 per cent. more than ever before. And that figure does not include the week-enders, those French and Belgian people who are acquiring the week-end-in-England habit.

No, the holiday abroad movement is growing rapidly, not only here but all over Europe.

We have nothing to fear from its further extension, as long as British resorts see to it that they keep themselves attractive.

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WALLPAPERS DIRECT from the Mill. Send for patterns post free.—WALLPAPER MANUFACTURING CO., 52, TRINITY STREET, LEEDS.

WOOLS.—Knit 1d. oz., Rug Wools 2d. lb., Sample 2d. ball, etc.—Rug Guide and Sample Card free. Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 3), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS AT REDUCED PRICES. PATTERNS POST FREE. BARGAIN HALL, DEPT. J.B., SOUTH SHIELDS.

HOLIDAY Snaps. Halve the cost of photography by using the Jerome Speed Printer. Prints 100 per hr. and developed free. Write at once to Jerome, Ltd., on p. 3 fully explained.

A GOOD WRIST WATCH need not be expensive—if you buy a "Benitime". Write for Free Booklet, you can get one for 1s. down. Write for Free Booklet NOW! (see advt. of Scientific Developments, Ltd., on page 3.)

FUR free catalogues of Dragery, Linens, Furnishings, and full particulars of their famous 30 Pay-Way terms, fill in the coupon on page 25.

FREE.—A beautifully illustrated catalogue of watches in colours, showing full range of Ingersoll watches and clocks. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Ingersoll, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.31), 225 St. John's, London, E.C.1. For over 40 years Ingersoll has maintained a world reputation for dependability, accuracy and sterling value.

YOU can get attractive Murphy Model Sets and other models on hire-purchase terms. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts, for catalogue etc. See p. 25.

FREE Furnishing Catalogue. Fill in the coupon on p. 37, or write, mentioning John Bull, to JAY'S FURNISHING STORES, 248 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C.1, for free Catalogue full of bargains of furniture, pianos, etc.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

MAKING POULTRY PAY.—Cash in on Poultry Profit by getting "The Feathered World" Year Book, 1937. All problems are dealt with in a practical, to-the-point manner. Over 300 pages and 90 illustrations in photogravure. All you need do is to send 2/6 to "THE FEATHERED WORLD", Dept. J.B.2, 9, Arundel Street, LONDON, W.C.2.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, Drums and Accessories, Trumpets, Guitars, P.C. brings unique 96-page cat. free. Easiest Terms. Part Exchanges. J. B. Maywood Co., 6, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

THE reliability of Bush Superhets is unsurpassed. The model illustrated on page 14 can be obtained for 3s. 1d. week. Fill in the coupon at once for full details of this and other models or else send to Bush Radio, Ltd., Dept. J.B. 15, Power Road, Chiswick, London, W.4.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Get rid of the craving. Proved by testimonials.—Write, Secretary, Anti-Nicotine Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Scientific Support Appliance, New Discovery. No Steel Springs. No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable and cheap. NEW REDUCED PRICES. Bitterly cold days, parts together quickly. Sent on approval. DAYS FREE TRIAL. Catalogues free.—BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (32M), Brooks Chambers, Lane, London, W.C.2; (32M), Brooks Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester.

A FREE Sample of URACE brand ointment for rheumatism sufferers is offered in the coupon on page 33.

FREE to sufferers from Leg and Foot Troubles! Sample of ELASTO and special free booklet. Fill in coupon on page 33.

A FREE packet of Inneresan for nervousness and irregularity of the system. Write, mentioning John Bull, enclosing 2d. stamp, to Allen & Warburton, Ltd., 222, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

FREE to indigestion sufferers, handbag) sample of MOORLAND tablets and diet chart. Write (enclosing stamp) to W. B. Cartwright, Ltd., Moorland Works, Rawdon, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS

HANDSOME Men Are Slightly Built. "Sunbronze" remarkably improves 1 in 1 days (instr.).—Sunbronze Laboratories, Colwyn Bay.

FREE sample tube of Odol Tooth Paste. Simply send a postcard to Odol, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.15), Norwich; or fill in coupon on page 33.

FREE Cash Prizes. £20 in prizes offered by the proprietors of Diploma Cure. Find the first line to the Limerick on page 33, read the conditions carefully and send in your solution now. Don't delay—you may forget!

SUFFERERS from hair troubles should send a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair food, and a tablet of Kotalko soap on receipt of 3d. stamps and the coupon on page 33 filled in with name and address.

ACCEPT this free offer. Sample of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream will be sent to readers who write to Box 326 61A, c/o 50, Beak St., London, W.1. Write for trial now.

Amazing HOUSING Revolution

REVOLUTION in British housing is on the way. The "Prefabricated House," which can be assembled in a few days from standard, factory-made units of concrete, wood or metal, is entering the market.

In America and on the Continent prefabrication is sweeping into favour. By cutting costs and erection time, it is able to offer cheaper, more efficient and better equipped homes.

Thousands of "mass-produced" houses, equal in appearance and originality of design to the slowly built conventional homes of yesterday, are already occupied.

Dozens of factories are at work, turning out the standard wall, roof, stair and other units, which are rapidly bolted together on the site to form the new-style homes.

A prospective tenant can buy his site, order the "model" he likes from a catalogue, and move into his new house in less than a fortnight. At a considerably lower cost than that of an ordinary house he is provided with a modern, easily run home, fitted with the very latest labour-saving devices and with such luxuries as air-conditioning and built-in radio.

Now, it is announced, the first prefabricated houses are to be built in Britain. A Swedish system, which makes use of heavy wood units, is first likely to be used.

Already sixty houses are on order and, as soon as a British factory for the production of these units can be started up, many hundreds more will certainly follow.

Prefabrication does not imply jerry-building. The solid wood walls are fire-proofed and seasoned to resist damp and heat. Though a fair-sized house can be bolted together in two days, it looks, and is, as firm and durable as a conventionally built structure.

Prices of the finished houses will probably be 25 per cent. below the normal.

This is good news. It proves that the British public is not averse from new ideas, which alone can give it more value for its money. It means that the "luxury" prefabricated house, built of concrete or metal units, will soon be following its wood leader into Britain.

Typical of this type, which we may soon be seeing here, is a concrete house which has attained first place in popularity among the forty-eight different systems offered to the American public. Immensely strong panels of concrete and asbestos, moulded together under great pressure, are used for outer and inner walls.

These are rapidly bolted to a light but strong steel skeleton. So rapid is the erection process that a large house, complete down to the latest indirect lighting and labour-saving device, can be ready for its tenants within a fortnight of ordering.

The suburbs of New York and other large cities are already dotted with these "Motohomes," as they are called. Though the outer walls are unpainted, their appearance is pleasant and harmonious.

No joints or bolts are visible. Long, sweeping lines, large windows, flat sun-bathing roofs and an ample choice of design—these are the Motohome characteristics.

Dozens of different types, from modest three-room to big two-storey houses, are illustrated in the firm's catalogue. Prices in all cases are far below normal.

A tenant who "grows out" of his home can order a new room, or even a new storey. Side walls can be unbolted, while extra accommodation is built on in a few days. If necessary, the whole house can be dismantled, carried by lorries to a new site, and reassembled.

Interiors are a joy to the housewife. Smooth panels, which need no paint and can be cleaned with a sponge, cover the walls. Corners are rounded off. And—best of all—the latest mechanical and labour-saving devices are actually built in to the structure.

These new homes are literally erected round a "mechanical core." This is a giant square box, containing heating, cooking, washing and plumbing equipment, which is brought complete from the factory and connected up to public mains in a few hours.

Three of its sides form the walls of kitchen, bathroom and "utility room."

Into the kitchen wall are built a stove, refrigerator, sink, electric dish-washer, ironing-board, electric clock and many cupboards and shelves—all made of shining, rustless steel.

The bathroom wall holds a washbowl, medicine cabinet, lit-mirror, hot-air dryer and other equipment. The "Utility Room" has a clothes-washing machine, laundry tub and metal cabinets.

The heart of the "mechanical core" contains a furnace, hot-water tank and an air-conditioning apparatus, which circulates air of ideal temperature and humidity through the house, no matter how unpleasant the outside weather may be.

Built-in bookcases, cupboards, shelves, clocks, and even a radio are included in the standard equipment of the other rooms.

Though the Motohome is but one of the prefabricated houses turned out by fifty American firms, it is worth describing. The firm which builds it is too busy with U.S. orders to bother with export, even if their specifications were to come within British building regulations.

But it is typical of the prefabricated house which we are likely to see here when British manufacturers really get down to the job.

Already prefabricated concrete construction is being used in England for the construction of big blocks of flats. In these flats even the staircases are rapidly assembled from standard units.

The result is said to be a cut of one-third in time and of 15 per cent. in cost. When experience has been gained here the builders will tackle the problem of the small house.

The new way is to use slabs of bricks already cemented together (above) while soon houses will be erected in whole sections, as they are now doing (left) in Sweden and America

Concrete and wood will not have it all their own way. Manufacturers of other building materials have been investigating the possibilities for months. They aim at a house that will be proof against fire, weather and time, and that, with proper design, could be as "cosy" as the ordinary home.

Already many steel houses have been built. Standard panels, made from sheet steel, are used, and these are bolted to a light framework, or welded together.

In pre-fabricating, it has been found an advantage to have inner and outer walls, with insulating materials stuffed between them. We must not lose the advantages conferred by brick of keeping the heat in during the winter and out in summer.

Outer walls, whatever the fabric, must be smooth and unblemished with bolts. Only a few coats of paint should turn it into a home which no one could associate with cold, hard metal.

The great advantage of the unit house is the ease with which the units can be stamped out in the factory and bolted together on the site. And ease for the manufacturer means cheapness to the buyer. . . .

Many materials are being tried out by the prefabricated builder—among them glass, copper, artificial stone and even a kind of hard, smooth rubber compound. The newly married couples of a few years hence will be able to take their choice—and pay very much less for it.

Politics and You

MEN who MAKE our BREAD

The refusal of the Government to include the abolition of night baking in the Factory Act, passed just before Parliament rose, has caused bitter disappointment to the men in that industry. The matter is to be raised at the Trades Union Congress, which meets in two weeks' time at Norwich.

Many attempts have been made to abolish night work in the baking trade. The Bill with this object was introduced as long ago as 1848, when the practice was far less widespread than it is to-day, and nearly twenty years ago a Government Committee of Inquiry, after investigating exhaustively into the evidence, recommended that no baking should be allowed between 11 p.m. and 5 a.m. Nothing, however, was done about it.

There are 23,000 registered bakehouses in the United Kingdom employing about 100,000 men. In only half of them, however, is night work the rule.

Night work is, of course, not confined to the industry. It is, however, peculiar in that the same men remain on night work for months a week throughout the year. They not only work long hours, but at week-ends, and holiday times, incredibly long hours.

Ordinary family life is denied them. They are cut off from sports and all social intercourse with their neighbours and friends. Action of some kind, therefore, was long overdue.

The Government, however, avoided having to do something by appointing still another Committee of Inquiry. This, as they probably expected and intended, failed to agree.

All its members admit that abolition would not raise prices to the public, but all, except the Labour Representative, oppose legislation because, in their view, it would force the large firms to bake the previous afternoon, and thus place them at a disadvantage when competing against the small man, who could bake early the next day.

Frankly, this seems to JOHN BULL no adequate reason for dooming the men who make the nation's bread to a life of perpetual nightly toil.

Many master bakers, even among the large concerns, favour the change which is already in operation in twenty-two other countries, including the Irish Free State. It's high time this country came into line with the rest.

double your pleasure with..

PARK DRIVE

15 for 6d

10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP MILD 5 FOR 2D

BASQUE Children . .

The STARK TRUTH

With his worldly possessions on his shoulder and clutching a Union Jack he arrives, safe from bombs. Don't let foolish gossip victimise them now

WHAT is the truth about the Basque children? Of those four thousand victims of a brutal war who are now in Britain there are as many conflicting reports as rumours at a village gossip-party.

Some say they have brought horrible and contagious diseases into this country. Others speak of them as jolly, healthy youngsters.

Some allege they are being forcibly detained here, though their parents want them back. Newspapers have startled their readers by describing scenes of outrageous disorder at the children's camps; telling how bands of youthful ruffians have beaten up peaceful citizens and wrecked property. From one camp alone, it is stated, eighteen ringleaders have had to be deported.

There are mutterings of bad organisation, lack of discipline, and unwise management.

Well, the public interest in the welfare of these child refugees has led John Bull to investigate the conditions in which they are receiving a warm-hearted hospitality. We shall set down the facts without prejudice, neither refraining from criticism nor grudging any tribute that may be deserved.

First, we must emphasise that many of the children need to be regarded as invalids. Though they have been here for nearly three months, their eyes are still wide with terror.

They are shell-shocked and air-shocked.

Wait in Terror

Twenty of them, aged from six to thirteen, are tucked up in bed each night in a large house at Percy Park, Tynemouth. Directly their guardians leave they get up and dress; then, clutching the bundles in which are tied their pathetic possessions, they huddle together to wait for the air raids which no longer threaten them.

Infants still cry to be allowed to send sand from Tynemouth beach to make sandbags for their parents.

You would think such a spectacle enough to move any heart. But we have to record, with shame, that certain local residents were unwilling for this little colony to find a shelter in their midst. Because of this, less than twelve hours after the refugees' arrival, a notice to quit was served!

In other districts, despite the sympathy of the great mass of the public, unmannerly demonstrations have increased the youngsters' strain.

Hull residents are incensed by the young hooligans who make a mad rush whenever they see Basques from the Sutton camp. Sometimes traffic is held up; the other day a youth pointed a miniature gun at a party of the children and caused them to run in terror.

Moreover, there have been indiscretions by Spanish-speaking visitors, who, in our opinion, should never have been allowed inside the camps. A typical example is the speech of a woman in which she said that, as Bilbao had been delivered from the "Reds," the children should be delighted to return.

As some of her listeners had seen their parents machine-gunned before their eyes, their feelings can be better imagined than described.

And this brings us to the statement made a few days ago by a London man engaged in Spanish trading, that 950 letters, which he is sending to the British Consul at Bilbao for verification, have come from Basque parents asking for the return of their children.

He declares that Left Wing members of the National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief are anxious to prevent this being done.

He has not, however, responded to the invitation to produce evidence to the Committee. Otherwise, only nine letters of the sort have been received in London, mostly written not by the refugees' parents but by other relatives.

Nor is it easy to believe that such members of the Committee as the Duchess of Atholl, Canon Craven (the Roman Catholic representative), and Mr. Wilfred Roberts, the Liberal M.P., are likely to agree to children being detained here in order to stir up feeling against General Franco.

Last week, too, it was reported that a case of the perilous eye disease known as trachoma, which had been practically stamped out in this country, has been found in a Basque girl staying at a London convent. This is true, though the Committee disclaims all knowledge of it.

There is also, we can reveal, a further suspected case in Liverpool.

Yet not long ago the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, speaking for the Home Office, announced that "among all the children selected to be evacuated, the doctors found only two cases of this admittedly dangerous contagious disease. Those two were ruthlessly excluded from the ship."

The blame for the present disquieting situation can be directed to the Ministry of Health. For the average time spent on examining each child on its arrival here was *just one minute*.

To diagnose so rare and difficult an affection as trachoma in this time would defeat most eye specialists; to expect a port doctor to do so is obviously absurd.

Foolish Decree

It is noteworthy also that five cases of typhoid were detected: two on arrival, three after the children had been sent to camp!

And we must accuse the Government of failing the Basques in another respect.

Many of the misunderstandings that arise in the control of these children are due to language difficulties. But the Home Office firmly refuses to allow additional Spanish adults to be brought here to act as interpreters.

We do not profess to know whether the Cabinet fears that the interpreters might be too favourable towards the Basque Government, or be pro-Franco emissaries with bombs in their pockets. It may believe that orders and advice should be given to nervy children by dumb-show.

But there can be no doubt of the unwisdom of its decree. Even the now notorious disorder at Brechfa, Carmarthenshire, was largely due to the language bar.

A Basque boy was told to mind a camp official's car outside a village inn. When two Welsh lads jumped on to the running-board he pushed them off.

Had they understood each other, it might have resolved itself into the usual schoolboys' argument of "Who are you a-pushing of?" and, "If you don't push off I'll push you again"—and ended at that.

But the village lads, enraged at being thwarted by a foreigner, went and told their father. What sort of man he was can be gauged by the fact that he came out, knocked the Basque boy down, and kicked him.

The boy told his friends. A party of them went in search of the culprits. Unfortunately, they met two men, one of whom was carrying a gun. The cry went up, "Look out, they're going to shoot!"

Unbalanced

Thereupon the boys threw stones, broke windows, and assaulted a policeman who tried to restrain them. From all of which arose tales of a "reign of terror," of lads armed with daggers, and the like.

Actually, the total damage caused at Brechfa and another disturbance at Scarborough was less than £10. The total number of bad boys sent in disgrace to France is seventeen, while one excitable youngster has been certified as mentally unbalanced.

Certainly some of the boys have been unruly. It would be surprising if, freed from parental control and still suffering from the effects of aerial bombardments, they had all behaved normally.

But seventeen out of 4,000 does not seem to us a high proportion, nor does the fact that there has been trouble at only three out of the seventy camps.

As for the possibility that trace may be lost of them since they are being sent to various parts of the kingdom, John Bull has examined the Committee's system of records and is satisfied that this is in fact an impossibility.

10s. a Week

Nor are any of the children being sent to private families, though many hundreds of people have made adoption offers.

Some of them are paying, instead, the cost of a child's keep, which is about 10s. a week.

Schoolchildren, the Duchess of Atholl tells us, are going without sweets to send a few pence to the funds; one man has sent his old age pension.

For, while the French Government has contributed more than a million francs towards the cost of its child guests, the British Government grants not a farthing to ours.

But, so long as their need remains, we may presume the British public will not be found wanting in generosity.

Some of the Basque children find happiness here!

Something to Fall Back On

"THANK you for the cheque duly received for Sickness under your Free Insurance Scheme. It is a splendid gift to anyone who is called upon to pay a doctor's bill for three weeks when you have no other reserve to fall back on."

This is another letter taken at random from the thousands of appreciative messages received from John Bull readers who have received benefit under our Free Family Insurance Gift.

John Bull is the only paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by fire, storm and flood.

Remember! Registered readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of John Bull's Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man, if they can show that they bought the paper while away, and that before leaving home they instructed their newsagent to resume delivery immediately upon their return.

Registration Forms are on page 38.

MA… R… SE… A…

DEATH Rays are in the news again.

Sir Thomas Inskip began it, when, the other day, he dropped some hints in the House that "new and extraordinary protective devices" had been developed against air attack.

So dozens of people have rushed in to tell the public that the new devices are death-ray machines which can bring bombers fluttering down out of the sky like shot birds, sink navies while they are still out of sight, and burn up armies, tanks, food and guns.

You can take it all with a large grain of salt.

The possession of the death ray has not stopped the aircraft shops, armament factories and shipyards from working night and day turning out interceptor fighters, guns of every kind and torpedo-boat destroyers.

And, anyhow, the last word on the matter ought surely to rest with the late Senatore Marconi, the greatest practical inventor of them all.

Only a few weeks before his death he said, in effect, that this death-ray business is "the bunk."

"I have succeeded," he announced, "by using an incredibly complicated apparatus and enough electricity to light a small town, in killing a rat as far away as three feet. I dropped all experiments after that. If you have to crawl up to within three feet of something to kill it with elaborate, costly and ungainly apparatus needing the most sensitive adjustment, it is cheaper to use a gun."

That should be enough. But compare the publicity given to these imaginary *foes* of humanity with that given to the very real, but equally invisible *friends* of humanity—the *life* rays.

Nobody hears about *them*. But in their application and their uses they are a hundred times more fascinating and spectacular than your death rays . . . .

To-day a great liner can go blinding along at thirty knots through the pitch darkness and fog of the North Atlantic winter in perfect safety, all because of the *invisible* heat rays which every object on this earth sends out—whether it is an iceberg, a rocky shore or an approaching ship.

Scientists call them the infra-red rays. They lie behind that red portion of your hearth or your gas or electric fire. You can't see them, but you can *feel* them. And everything which is not at absolute zero (which is 459.4 degrees below zero) radiates a certain amount of these heat-like rays.

An instrument called a thermo-couple has now been devised which collects these invisible heat rays and turns them into electricity of sufficient power to work a loud-speaker or ring a warning gong.

On our ocean liner there is fixed a silvered concave mirror set for a certain distance ahead. No matter how thick the fog and darkness, the heat waves sent out from any object the ship is approaching will be picked up by this mirror and passed on to the thermo-couple.

In theory this instrument is *sensitive to detect the heat of a candle eight miles away.*

So—the passengers can dance below in perfect security, the fog-horn can bellow because that is the regulations, but there will be no officers straining their eyes into the darkness on the bridge.

Instead, the watch officer will be standing over a little instrument no bigger than your wireless set.

If anything lies hidden in the darkness of the ship's course lights will flicker on this instrument, a gong will sound in the wheel-house, a loud-speaker in front of the machines will start roaring with warning sound.

An iceberg produces sounds like a high-pitched whistle, an approaching ship yields sounds like a series of continuous deep grunts, reefs or a rocky shore sound like coals falling downstairs.

The same instrument mounted in an apparatus like a searchlight is used for aircraft detection at night. America, Italy, Germany, France have anti-aircraft observer posts fitted out with thermo-couple detectors.

Aircraft engines send out powerful but invisible heat rays, and the mirror, groping blindly across the sky, picks them up, and passes them on to the detector.

The direction of the aircraft, and even its approximate height, can be read off from the angle at which the mirror barrel is pointing, and the intensity with which the detector registers.

In case you doubt whether such an instrument is sensitive enough to pick up heat waves from an aeroplane, say, 20,000 feet up, remember that the thermo-couple is in daily use in observatories for taking the temperatures of stars more than that number of *million miles* away.

A year or two ago, when they opened the Chicago Exhibition, all the lights were switched on at night by the heat sent out from the star Vega, picked up by a thermo-couple and magnified electrically in something like your wireless valves until it had enough strength to throw over the main switches.

Showmanship or not, it was a grand idea to harness the heat from a remote star—heat waves which left that star long before there was an America or, indeed, a human race—to light up a fair ground.

The same instrument performs yet another act of service for the human race. It has been applied to the sextant, whereby the shipmaster or explorer gets his position by the noon-day sun.

When the sun is hidden by clouds or fog the sextant is useless. But invisible heat rays pass through all barriers of the atmosphere. So the shipmaster merely swivels the reflector of the thermo-sextant about until he gets a maximum reading through the fog or cloud—and that is the sun's position.

This infra-red or heat ray is one form of invisible ray which has been adapted to the protection of life. But there are many others in the whole range of rays of which the human senses can only detect a sixtieth part.

The tiny gamma rays of radium, for instance, which are about a billionth of an inch long, are used for killing malignant growths and germs in the human body. And although the technique is only a year or two old, it is so successful that few hospitals are without a gamma ray apparatus to-day.

Because of the colossal penetrative power of these rays, they are now used for examining the inner structure of metal parts which must stand up to great strain, like aeroplane fuselages, ships' rudders and key girders of giant bridges. The gamma rays will pass through 12 inches of solid steel as if it was as transparent as window glass.

A photograph film is put behind the part to be examined, and the gamma rays sent through from a container not much bigger than a rifle bullet. If there is a crack or flaw in the heart of the metal it will show up on the film as a blacker shadow. So in that way, too, they play their part in protecting life and securing safety.

Then there are the so-called "high-frequency" rays—just a trifle smaller than those employed in wireless.

The surgeon and the doctor is using them to-day; the former in the "h.f." knife which cuts cleanly without bleeding, and makes an incision which heals quickly, practically without leaving a scar or much pain during the healing.

The ray does the cutting and seals the incision as it goes along. The "knife" itself has no edge, it looks like a thin silver rod, you see nothing, and hear nothing, yet it

Few hospitals are without the latest ray apparatus to-day, while the pilots of our greatest liners . . . .

If you have b… terrifying tales … by cinema-like s… spell death and … welcome this ar… It shows you t… picture, and tells … coveries of the s… nessed to useful … and not the mast…

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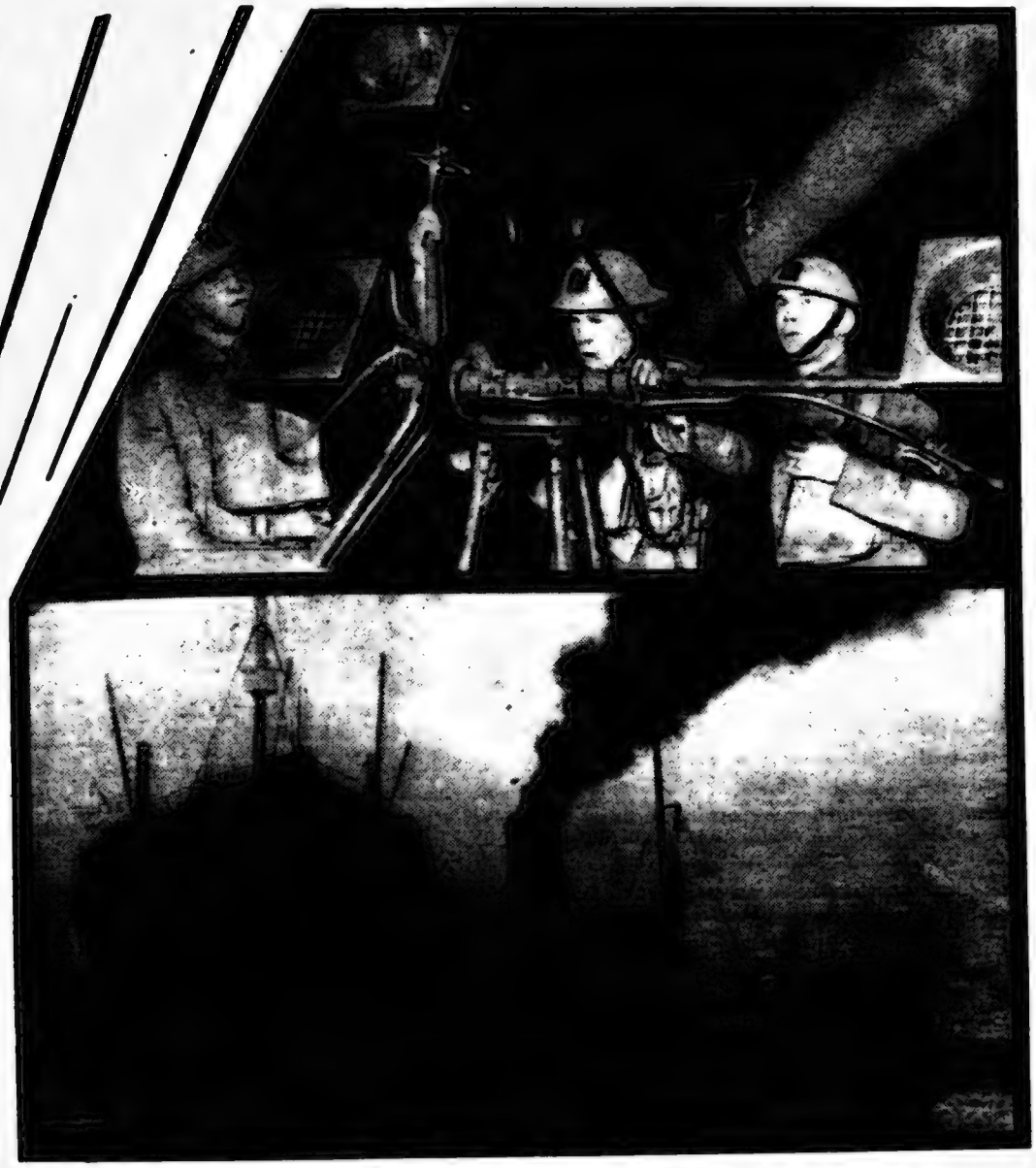

. . . . can be guided, thanks to the same ray, through the thickest fog. Above, the direction of aircraft, and even their height, can be determined with ease

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does work that no scalpel can touch.

And the same invisible high-frequency rays are used in that latest marvel of medicine, the diathermy machine. As the rays pass through the patient his temperature goes up. He gets an "artificial fever" harmless to him, but high enough to kill the germs and toxins of certain dread diseases which drugs have been unable to reach with any certainty of cure.

At the other end of the scale are the giant rays or waves as much as 100 miles in length which are used in industry for melting great masses of metal. The induction furnace, the appliance is called.

They send these rays through a huge coil, in the centre of which is placed the metal to be melted. Secondary currents are set up in this metal by the passage of the rays, and it melts like butter in a few minutes.

You could put your hand on the coil carrying these rays; it is quite cold, although in the centre of the coil the temperature is high enough to melt the hardest stone.

Another use has been found for these unseen giant rays in prospecting for ores. Rays about 25 miles long are sent down into the earth from a kind of aerial arrangement. If they strike a mass of metal ore something happens like in the furnace mentioned above. And the currents generated can be detected by instruments on the surface, which show the position and depth of the ore.

But it is when we come to those rays which are just beyond the borders of visibility that we get some of the most fascinating uses in the service of man. There is the "electric eye" or watchman, for instance.

This is an apparatus which sends out a beam of invisible "light" towards an instrument called a photo-cell. Break the beam and the instrument registers the fact, and will even set machinery in motion.

Some banks have installed this apparatus. The invisible ray is projected across doorways and backwards and forwards across corridors by means of mirrors. The whole outfit is small and easily hidden. But if a burglar breaks the network of beams (which he cannot see), and he cannot fail to do so at some point or other, then the alarm system starts working at once.

The electric eye is used in many factories for counting packages which, as they travel along an endless band, break the beam.

It can be focused to a ten-thousandth part of an inch, so that it can instantly detect any change in the part on which it rests.

So it is used in some printing works to control "register"—to ensure that coloured portions of a printing job do not overlap.

In the great Queensway Tunnel under the River Mersey the electric eye with its invisible ray beam is focused on the overload gauges; the slightest movement towards the danger line and warning signals go up at the control points. And the same type of instrument counts the vehicles in and out of the tunnel.

There are electricity sub-stations in this country without a single human being in charge of the machinery.

The invisible ray trained on dials and meters on the instrument board does all the work like some robot brain. When the dial fingers creep up towards "peak load" and touch the beam a system of relays throws over switches and brings further supplies of juice into action.

If something goes wrong it will instantly tell the engineer, perhaps a dozen miles away, in the chief station. And an ingenious gramophone and telephone system, something like "TIM" of the Post Office Telephone, will even tell him the readings on the gauges.

All he has to do is to ring up the robot—dial a certain number, which brings the electric eye and its invisible ray into action.

At the opposite end of the scale of visible light is the ultra-violet ray. It is sometimes called "black light," and is completely invisible. But scores of remarkable uses have been found for it by the medical researcher, the industrialist, and even the detective.

Direct a beam of ultra-violet on to any substance and a light becomes visible. The substance "fluoresces," as the scientist calls it—that is, it begins to glow with a characteristic luminous colour.

The flour miller uses ultra-violet for rapid grading or testing of batches of wheat. If he turns this invisible ray on a sample, a good wheat glows with a bluish colour, a poor wheat glows with a yellowish colour. Poisonous seeds show up at once by a difference in colour.

Flour is tested by the same means for adulterants or admixtures with soya bean flour or zinc oxide.

In a moment the ultra-violet ray does a job which would take an analyst hours of work in a laboratory. And the testing can be continuous during a process so that both the public health and the interests of the manufacturer is safeguarded.

All police laboratories are fitted with lamps which generate this invisible ray. It will pick out a bloodstain instantly and infallibly, no matter how long it has been exposed to the weather, and when all the usual chemical tests would fail.

It beats the forger completely. However skilfully a forgery or an erasure is done it shows up at once. The effect looks almost like a conjuring trick. Direct the invisible beam on to, say, an erased and altered document and the pen-marks of the original writing or figures, bitten into the paper fibres by the pen point, leap up blackly against the glowing greenish background. Even though the ink of the original writing has been so erased and written over that the most powerful microscope would detect nothing, the ultra-violet ray spots it because the disturbed fibres fluoresce at a different colour from the rest of the paper and ink.

It was the ultra-violet ray which recently exposed a racket in unemployment insurance stamps and sent its inventors to prison.

By a clever use of chemicals they had been removing the cancellation marks from stamps so completely that they looked like new stamps; and these they were selling at half-price.

But the instant a suspected stamp was put under the ray the fraud was discovered. The original cancellation leapt forth at once, brilliantly clear and distinct enough to be photographed and put in as evidence.

All secret writing is defeated by the ultra-violet ray, so it is used in military intelligence work and for examining secret correspondence. All the chemicals used for this class of writing exhibit characteristic fluorescence under the lamp and are instantly seen.

To hospitals and medical laboratories it is almost indispensable. Various types of skin disease which look alike under ordinary light, each take on a different colour under this invisible ray, so that rapid and certain diagnosis can be made.

There are several types of tuberculosis and typhus germ, each requiring a different form of treatment. And although these different representatives of the same family look alike under the microscope or in a culture, the ultra-violet ray labels them instantly.

And the possession of that certain knowledge may mean all the difference between life and death for the patient.

There are literally hundreds of similar uses to which these invisible rays are being put to the service of man.

They save life, protect property, and cheapen and improve the products of industry. They are truly *life* rays, and as such more remarkable in their future possibilities for humanity than all your childish nightmare fantasies like the "death ray."

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES—5

By STANLEY BISHOP

KILLER who Forgot his Crime!

Little Very Page, killed, it is believed, by a maniac who afterwards did not remember the girl or his crime

SAID the duty officer at Notting Hill police station, as he finished writing his notes: "We'll do our best for you, Mr. Page, in this matter, and we will let you know at once when we hear anything. It is extraordinary that your daughter should have disappeared in this way."

In London police stations they are used to hearing stories of missing people, and of lost children. Such reports are a matter of routine. Missing people probably want to be "missing." Lost children have a way of turning up quite safely.

But the statement made by the distraught man at the interview counter of the inspector's office was exceptional.

He gave his name as Charles Page, with an address in Blenheim Crescent, and asked the police assistance in finding his eleven-year-old daughter Vera.

That day, December 14, 1931, Vera Page had arrived home from the Lancaster Road Council School at about four-thirty.

A few minutes later she went out again to call on an aunt, living in a house less than two hundred yards away, to collect two school certificates for proficiency in swimming.

Vera, naturally proud of her swimming awards, was showing them in turn to all her relatives.

Her mother warned her not to be long, for tea was nearly ready, and Vera said she would be back in a few minutes.

She saw her aunt; took the certificates in an envelope. "I cannot stop," said little Vera; "tea's waiting," and she tripped away in the direction of home.

Two people, who knew the child, saw her in the street, but she never arrived at her father's house. She just vanished from a much-frequented London thoroughfare.

When her absence became alarming, search was made by parents, relatives and neighbours. The district was scoured without result. Then Charles Page hurried to the police to unburden his anxiety into the sympathetic ear of a station officer.

Vera Page was posted as lost; her description circulated to every police area.

Next night, before the general news, a B.B.C. "SOS" appeal was made to the country for any news concerning pretty, eleven-year-old Vera Page, missing from her home in Blenheim Crescent, Notting Hill, London.

Only outcome, conflicting reports that she was seen in company with a man at 10 o'clock on the Monday night in the Haymarket, and also seen at 9.45 p.m. at Kensal Rise.

Obviously she could not have been seen at those widely separated places at the times given. Probably neither report was correct—each an honest misunderstanding.

There was a blank of nearly two days, during which Mr. and Mrs. Page were living with their fears.

Something serious must have taken place. Impossible that Vera would go, of her own free will, with some stranger. The idea was altogether against her nature and upbringing. Vera Page, for all her winsome attractiveness, was reserved and shy. Never would she talk to a chance acquaintance. First impulse, if somebody unknown accosted her in the street, would be to run to her mother. Mistresses at school, as well as relations, bore out that fact when the police interviewed them.

On the morning of Wednesday, December 16, a milk roundsman, employed by the Express Dairy Company, went running to a police constable on patrol in Kensington Road.

"I have seen a girl," he panted with laboured breathing from hurry and excitement. "She's dead. I could see that. She is lying under a bush in the front garden of Silwood Lodge—No. 89, Addison Road."

Milkman and police constable went back together. Half screened by a laurel hedge and on a mound of leaves lay a body, and the police officer, when he bent to examine it, knew at once that Vera Page was found.

"It's the missing child. She's murdered," said the constable.

The place in Addison Road was about a mile and a half from Vera Page's home in Blenheim Crescent. No real attempt was made to hide the body. It was laid down under the screen of the laurels and left.

Without doubt the body was placed there in darkness during the early morning hours before people were about.

In the ordinary way the milkman would have noticed it when he made his early delivery at the house at 5.30 a.m. As it happened, however, the electric torch which he normally used to light the way to the back door of the house was out of commission. Thus not until the second delivery he made the discovery.

Intensive police activity from then on around No. 89, Addison Road. Detectives everywhere. Doctors and other experts making their examination of the spot. The whole organisation in charge of Detective Superintendent George Cornish, one of the best, most painstaking and thorough men the "Yard" has ever known.

Later that day Superintendent Cornish issued a statement asking for assistance from the public. After recounting the fact of the finding of the body at 9.30 a.m., the statement continued:

"The child was last seen alive about 5 p.m. on Monday 14th, when she left No. 70, Blenheim Crescent, Notting Hill, where she had been on a visit.

"She was then dressed in a blue drill frock with black braid, a red woollen jersey, black stockings, a blue jacket and a red beret. She had been outraged and murdered somewhere under cover, and the body could not have been placed where it was found before the evening of the 15th.

"Anyone who can give any information as to the child's whereabouts after 5 p.m. Monday, or who saw any person acting suspiciously in the vicinity of the garden of No. 89, Addison Road after daytime is asked to communicate immediately with the police."

Largely on the scientific conclusions of Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the Home Office pathologist, Superintendent Cornish formed important conclusions to aid him in the hunt for the murderer.

"Death," opinioned Sir Bernard, "was due to asphyxia by strangulation by a hand grasping the throat, and must have taken place not very long after the child disappeared. The body must have been lying in a warm place for some time. It could not have lain in the garden for more than a few hours at most."

Clothing on the body had absorbed little moisture. Another indication of time—for the Wednesday morning was damp and misty, while the night before was wet.

A close inspection of the clothing showed that there were marked traces of coal dust on the outer garments, and one or two spots of candle grease on the right shoulder of the jacket.

In the crook of the right elbow, as the arm was doubled over the body, was a fingerstall made up of lint and a piece of bandage.

Obviously, from its size, this finger binding was from a man's hand. It seemed plain that it had been drawn off the hand of the murderer as he carried Vera Page into the garden.

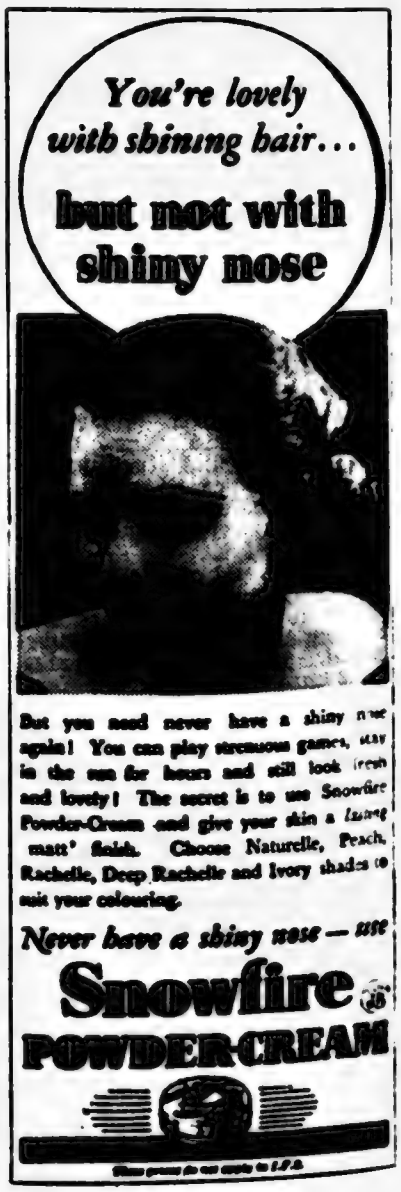
This dressing came from the finger of a person who had a suppurating wound, and *it held the peculiar smell of ammonia.*

The red beret, which Vera Page wore when she left home, and the swimming certificates which she collected from her aunt, were missing when the body was found.

All the police work was concentrated on tracking the man who owned the incriminating fingerstall. The clue of the bandage gave them hope.

Superintendent Cornish accepted the evidence of the parents and friends that Vera Page was not a child to speak with strangers. He was looking for a man who knew Vera, and he was looking also for the secret hiding place where the body must have been kept between about

(*Continued on page 24.*)


You're lovely
with shining hair...
but not with
shiny nose
But you need never have a shiny nose again! You can play strenuous games, stay in the sun for hours and still look fresh and lovely! The secret is to use Snowfire Powder-Cream and give your skin a lasting matt finish. Choose Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Ivory shades to suit your colouring.
Never have a shiny nose — use
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POWDER-CREAM

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FOR NATIONAL FITNESS

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Every nutritional expert is agreed that it is the good old natural foods that make for physical fitness. Bread has been the natural food of man for countless ages. Bread brought him from savagery to civilisation. To-day it is the bread-eating nations that lead the world . . . If YOU wish to be physically fit —to play *your* part in the improvement of national physique—rely more upon the natural simple foods, and especially upon

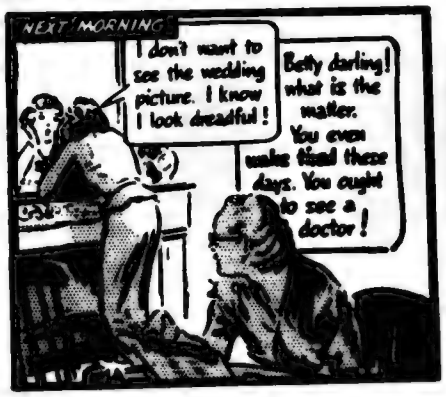
BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.P.H.315

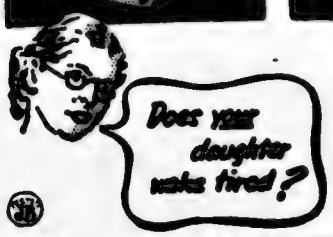
Tragedy of a tired-looking bridesmaid

It's going to be glorious!
Where's my bouquet?
I'm so thrilled
mmmm. How I dread this. I look awful beside the others my face so dull- and this frightful hair!

What a lovely couple!
-and the bridesmaids, aren't they sweet. Pity Betty looks so dull- spoils it rather.
From a wedding comes a wedding, but not for Betty if you ask me!


NEXT MORNING
I don't want to see the wedding picture. I know I look dreadful!
Betty darling! what is the matter. You even make tired these days. You ought to see a doctor!

AT THE DOCTORS
...this waking tired tells on your whole appearance. During sleep you burn up energy by breathing and other automatic actions. If this energy is not replaced- of course you wake tired. It's Night Starvation!



WAKING TIRED affects a girl in her appearance and personality. She never *looks* and never *feels* her best. She's unfairly handicapped. Give her Horlicks — a cupful regularly at night. She'll wake refreshed — full of energy and sparkle. Get Horlicks today. Prices from 2/-. Mixer 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27.

Star of "Stowaway"
A 20th Century - Fox Picture

SUPPOSE
Shirley Temple
WERE YOUR
LITTLE GIRL

COULDN'T YOU have a grand time with Shirley to romp and play with every day? She's so lovable, so full of fun.

OFF TO BED she goes for a good night's sleep. That's as important to keep her healthy as her "Puffed" Wheat is.

SHE'S UP early in the morning, ready for her "Puffed" Wheat. It's so nourishing and digestible. And how she loves it!

PUFFED WHEAT
TRY PUFFED RICE TOO
READY-TO-EAT
6½d PER PACKET

P.138

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES—Continued from Page 22

The CELLAR CLUE

Not only Vera Page's parents, but thousands of others, followed the progress of Superintendent Cornish (left) during his investigations

seven o'clock on the Monday evening until, say, five to six o'clock on the Wednesday morning. That *somewhere* must be within a circle of London houses having a radius of a half-mile from Blenheim Crescent, the child's home.

Also the *somewhere* was, in all likelihood, a coal shed or cellar, with no illumination other than that provided by a candle.

Laboratory tests proved that the candle grease spots on Vera's clothes could not have been made by the candles used in her home. The stains were different.

Police theory was that the murderer persuaded Vera Page, under some pretext, to accompany him to his lodging or house. There, while alone in the place, he maltreated and killed her, placing her body afterwards in a coal store.

Alarmed at the "SOS" broadcast on the Tuesday evening, he decided that at all costs he must get rid of the body.

In the dark of Wednesday morning, he crept to the cellar, and on bicycle or barrow transported the body of the murdered child to Addison Road, choosing the garden of No. 89, quite haphazard and without intent; leaving the dead child there without attempt at concealment; and thereafter going about his daily work as though nothing unusual had occurred.

Evidence soon established the probable location of the cellar. A woman living in Stanley Crescent, not far from Blenheim Crescent, came forward and produced to the police a red beret which she had picked up in the area of the house. Near the beret were some scraps of torn paper and a stump of candle, which were swept up and thrown away in the dust-bin.

That beret was similar to the one belonging to Vera Page.

Now, in the area of that house was a disused cellar. It was empty, but there was plenty of coal dust about. The cellar was lit, when necessary, by a stump of candle. The door of the cellar was unlocked.

"Fairly easy," witnesses interviewed agreed, "for anyone knowing the neighbourhood to go into the cellar without attracting the notice of the inhabitants of the house."

The police assumed that the scraps of paper—gone then beyond any chance of recovery—were the fragments of the missing swimming certificates.

One other link of importance. A woman stated that in the early morning of Wednesday, December 16, "I saw a man walking in the direction of Addison Road pushing a barrow on which was a bundle covered with a red tablecloth." Unfortunately the description which this witness was able to give of the man was of no service for any subsequent identification.

For two months Superintendent Cornish and his detective squad worked on the problem of this murder. They interviewed everybody who knew little Vera Page, or anybody she was likely to know. *They took more than 1,200 different statements.*

A number of people who had sores on their hands and wore bandages were interrogated as to their movements between December 14 and 16. In one instance bandage material used by a man who knew the child was examined microscopically to see if it was identical with the fingerstall clue. It was not.

Every shred of evidence which Superintendent Cornish collected was laid before the final inquest held in the second week of February, 1932. The proceedings were distinguished by the exceptionally full and able address to the jury by Mr. Ingleby Oddie, the famous coroner.

Certain suspicions were analysed; peculiarities, which pointed in this direction and that, carefully weighed, and in his last words Mr. Oddie said:

"There is no direct evidence of any kind. It is merely circumstantial evidence. The chain of evidence must be complete. There must be no missing links, no weak links. It must be a complete, strong, inevitable chain of evidence fixing the guilt upon the guilty."

After which the jury were absent from deliberation only five minutes before returning a verdict of "Murder against some person or persons unknown."

So the mystery of by whose hand innocent school-child Vera Page met her terrible death remains in the unsolved murder files of Scotland Yard.

George Cornish, the Wiltshire farmer's son who rose to the highest ranks of the Criminal Investigation Department, has since retired to private life.

He, I know, holds the idea that the murder may have been committed by a criminal maniac whose insanity is intermittent.

Once the mania passed, it was quite possible the man had no recollection of what occurred. To his family, relations and friends he appeared a normal man. He would read in the newspapers the details of the crime, but he would not know they had anything to do with him. Therefore he would not say or do anything to arouse suspicion in the minds of other people.

An interesting speculation that, but a fearsome one. Because it implies that mania of this kind is recurrent. It is as likely for another murder to be committed in this strange, self-hypnotic trance state.

Since the inquest—more than five years ago—the tragic case of Vera Page has been reopened, without the knowledge of the public, on several occasions. Statements have been re-examined and fresh enquiries made.

This I add in conclusion. The suspicions which at one stage overshadowed an individual have been entirely dispelled in the light of the latest knowledge.

But the man who killed Vera Page still lives and goes about his daily work in the West End of London.

NEXT WEEK

ON the day following the Derby of 1930, pretty, well-built Agnes Kesson, a café waitress, who came from Scotland, was found dead in the road-side ditch of Horton Lane, Epsom.

She was murdered—strangled by a length of electric wire flex. She was only partially clothed.

The girl left her place of employment at Burgh Heath, rather unexpectedly two days before, and did not return. The police were unable to trace her movements with any reliability from that moment, except that she was seen on the racecourse.

Agnes Kesson was attacked and killed elsewhere, and her body carted in some vehicle to Horton Lane, and there left.

From that time until now the murder of Agnes Kesson remains a mystery. Scotland Yard could not pin the crime to any individual.

Next week the salient features of this amazing case will be analysed.

The Greatest of These . . .

OUR appeal this week is for "G.F.," whose initials stand for General Fund.

G.F. is ex-Service and for years has fought for War Sufferers. And G.F. is very hard up. In the last two months it has spent fifty pounds in excess of subscriptions received.

The trouble with G.F. is that it hates to turn its back on hard-up families of ex-Service men who have undergone great hardships in the war and should not be called upon to go on fighting year in and year out to keep a roof over their families' heads, especially when handicapped by sickness or some disability which though directly or indirectly caused through the war is not definite enough, or has been left too long, or developed too late to bring the blessing of a pension.

So G.F. is busy trying to help as many of these unfortunates as it can, in addition to each week's special appeal. And G.F., in boasting that it saves many men and women from despair, does so because the credit is due to its subscribers, those staunch friends and supporters who probably never realise the good they do when they slip a donation into an envelope.

"Thank you very much for the grant you sent me," writes an ex-Service man's wife, "I shall certainly make good use of it, for we hadn't a loaf in the house when it came, and I have two children without shoes, so I shall buy them some."

Donations earmarked "G.F." should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

APITIV
is a dry sherry
A glass of Sandeman Apitiv before lunch or dinner sharpens your appetite and gives you a real appreciation of good things to come.
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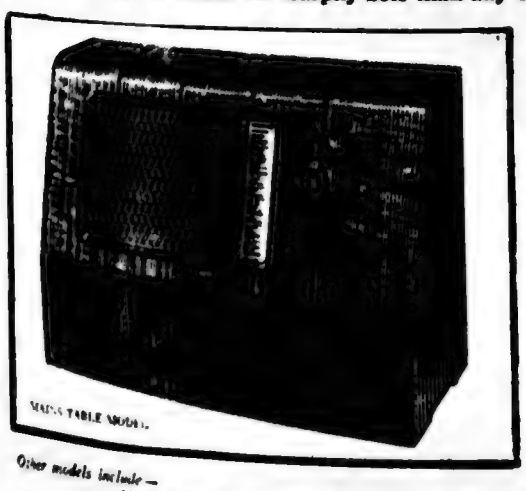
APITIV
SHERRY
6/- per bottle

SANDEMAN
SHERRY

MURPHY DEALERS are people you can trust!

I think it may be worth saying once again that Murphy Dealers are not tied to or bound by us in any way. We choose them because we think they are able to give, and *will* give, worthwhile advice and service in the choosing and running of a wireless set. Of course, we expect them to stock and display Murphy Sets. And if they didn't sell any we should want to know why! But they are independent dealers and decide themselves what makes they will keep in stock. Some of them have decided to sell *only* Murphy Sets. Some of them keep a small range that they have selected for you out of the hundreds that are made. Some keep a very large range. That is their affair. If, when you visit any Murphy Dealer, you find him 'pushing' Murphy Sets at you and waxing very enthusiastic, will you keep this interesting fact in mind: he can choose to sell whatever makes he likes, but he gets *less* discount on Murphy Sets than any other? E. J. POWER.



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MAINS TABLE MODEL. Supersonic Heterodyne Receiver with the new Murphy Alphabetical Station-name Scale and Cathode Ray Indicator for easy, accurate tuning. Excellent quality of reproduction. Compensated variable tone control. Automatic Volume Control and a new form of distortionless Noise Suppression between stations. A Heterodyne Filter is fitted to suppress whistles, "side band splash," etc. Cabinet in polished figured brown Mahogany.

A.C. MODEL or D.C./A.C. MODEL **£11.10**

All Murphy Sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year. Prices do not apply in I.F.S.

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MURPHY

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Why not have Drages' Fine Furniture in *your* home? AT ONCE—so that you can use and enjoy it without wishing and waiting! You can—on payment of *only a few shillings*. See examples below.

Think of it! Furniture to last a lifetime—and with it *Free Fire and Life Insurance* and *Drages' Written Protection* in case of illness or unemployment. There is no risk—no worry—whatever.

If, on delivery, any article is not to your approval, it can be returned and exchanged, or *your money will be refunded in full.*

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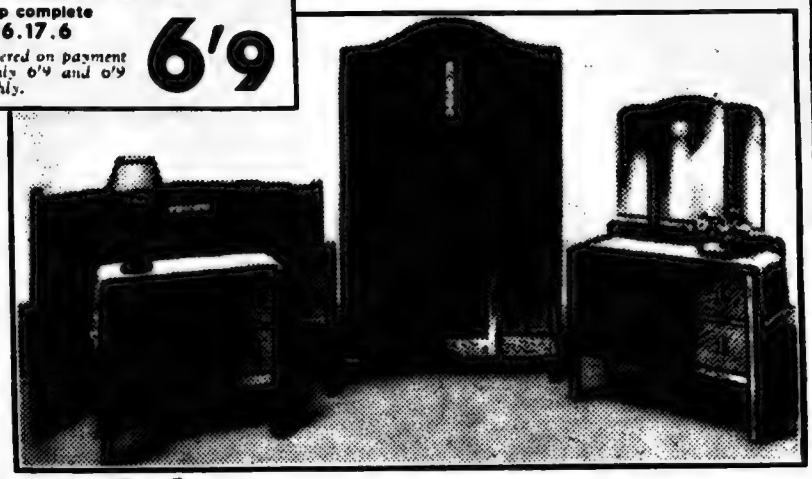
Well-made, solidly built bedroom suite, finished in a beautiful shade of dark oak, comprising 4ft. wardrobe, dressing table, dressing chest and a 4 ft. 6 in. bedstead to match.

Group complete £16.17.6

Delivered on payment of only 6'9 and 6'9 monthly. **6'9**



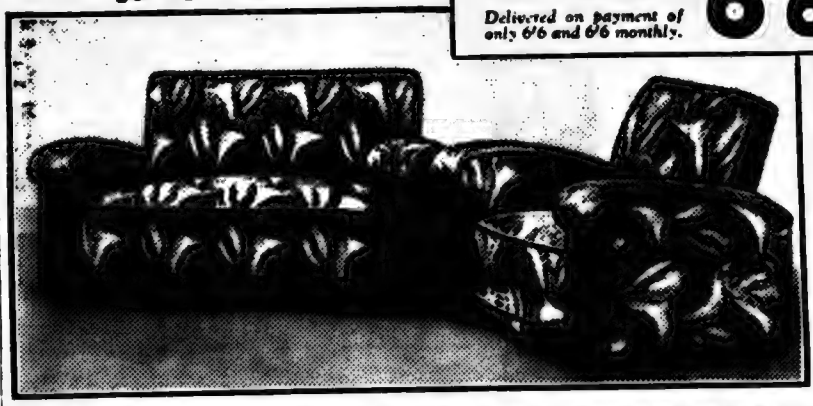
Order by Post!

The DUNCAN Suite

Three-piece suite of handsome design, covered in good quality tapestry. Has deep seats, extremely well sprung. Limited number at this price. £15.15.0

SETTEE AND TWO EASY CHAIRS.

Delivered on payment of only 6/6 and 6/6 monthly. **6'6**



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FREE POST in unsealed ½d.-stamped envelope to Drages, 73-77 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Please send me free copy of the new 32-page Brochure together with the book "You and Your Home."

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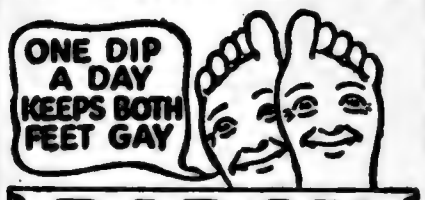
C.5

When FEET Ache·Burn·Swell

HERE'S THE ANSWER!

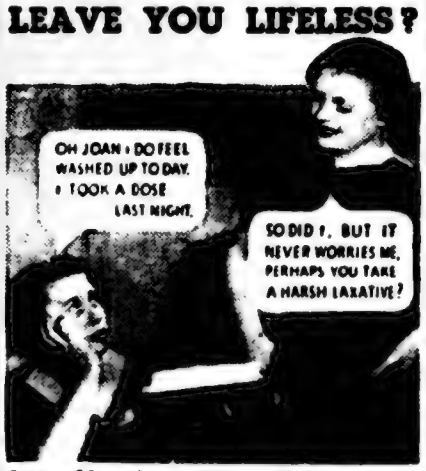
Here is the quickest, easiest and surest way to put an end to sore, tired, aching, burning, tender or perspiring feet, hard skin, corns, callouses and bunions.

Just put a tablespoonful of Radox Bath Salts into a gallon of hot water and dip the feet for 10 minutes. As soon as Radox enters the water it liberates life-giving oxygen and impregnates the water with salts which neutralise foot acids. Radox ends foot agony no matter how bad your feet may be. Hard skin and callouses are softened so that they can be scraped off; corns are loosened so that you can pick them out root and all. When you get your feet into a Radox foot bath—pain, irritation, soreness get right out. Radox leaves your feet cool, comfortable and corn-free. Users say "Radox is a godsend." Get a 1/6 packet of Radox from your chemist's and give your poor feet a Radox footbath to night. The benefits will be *immediate*. Make it a nightly practice, and soon you'll know the blessing of a pair of healthy, happy *flawless* feet.



From any chemist. In pink packets 1/6 and 2/6, or cubes 3 for 7½d. Get a packet on your way home.

DOES YOUR LAXATIVE LEAVE YOU LIFELESS?



Lots of laxatives make you feel absolutely rotten and almost need a day set apart for them.

NON-GRIPING

Take Lixen and get rid of all these objections to ordinary laxatives. Lixen is made from senna by a special Allen & Hanburys process which removes all the griping constituents and leaves a gentle good-natured laxative that stimulates the intestines in an absolutely natural and controlled way.

ELIXIR or LOZENGES?

Lixen is easy and delicious to take too. It's made in two forms. Lixen lozenges are black-currant flavoured 'sweety' little squares, absolutely delicious to take and ideal for children. Lixen Elixir is a pleasant tasting syrupy liquid. Next time you buy a laxative get LIXEN, and learn for yourself why it's called the good-natured laxative.

LIXEN

The Good Natured Laxative

From all chemists. Elixir in bottles, 1/-, 1/9, 3/-. Lozenges, black-currant flavoured, in tins at 7½d., 1/-, 2/-.

Lixen

Radio Stars' BIG PARADE

THROUGHOUT the manifold aspects of the show world in London shine two vast and significant theatre productions in which it is every variety artist's ambition to appear . . .

One is a fairly old-established and now almost traditional presentation—the Royal Command Performance. The other is comparatively new, and essentially typical of the age in which we move—the Radiolympia Theatre.

Both these shows are regarded as the Blue Ribands in the world of entertainment, and—as theatrical history shows—inestimable benefits may result from having appeared in either.

New stars can be made, and, indeed, are; artists who, previously familiar to the listening public only by sound, have here an opportunity of exhibiting their talents as stage performers—and it is to the Radiolympia Theatre that such celebrated acts as Elsie and Doris Waters and Clapham and Dwyer owe their present outstanding success in variety.

◆ ◆ ◆

Although the coming show, which opens on August 25, is the eleventh annual Radio Exhibition at Olympia, the theatre section of it is only four years old.

The idea of organising a stage show in conjunction with the exhibition of receiving sets evolved from the occasion, in 1932, when all the exhibitors vied with one another in presenting well-known radio stars to members of the public in their private demonstration rooms.

Members of the public were clearly interested to see the people whose B.B.C. voices were already so familiar to them—to see these disembodied voices materialise before their eyes.

And this spectacle of enthusiasm gave Alex Moody, go-ahead organiser of the exhibition, an idea.

In the following year, the Radio Manufacturers' Association, took the National Hall of Olympia and built the first Radiolympia Theatre, which seated 3,000 people and gave three shows a day.

Here, the public saw Henry Hall and his B.B.C. Dance Orchestra for the first time. The star-worshippers who clustered at the stage door were irrepressible, and it will be remembered that fans molested Les Allen so severely that he had to be given medical aid.

This 1934 show was a B.B.C. production—devised and arranged by Harry S. Pepper and John Watt; in the following year the Radio Manufacturers' Association appointed its own producer.

Dance music is "... star worshippers cluster"

Last year, the production was in the hands of Charles Penley, who, being responsible for the Paramount stage shows, was able to invoke all the resources of this vast cinema organisation in building an attractive Radiolympia programme. . . .

This year the task and honour has fallen to Jack Swinburn, who, directing all the Gaumont-British stage productions, is just as favourably placed.

He undertakes his duties equipped with a lifetime of theatrical experience that began during his early days at the Campaña, South America, where he took part in much amateur work.

Coming to England, he toured the country and quickly obtained several West End engagements; his subsequent divers activities prove him to be a showman throughout.

He introduced Fox-terrier racing; toured with Powell's elephants, acted as personal manager to Toto, the clown, and showed great capability in producing Gaumont's famous "Midnight with the Stars," the elaborate cabaret entertainment at the Royal Albert Hall which, organised for charity, stars 500 well-known artists and is relayed to America. . .

Alex Moody, too, is adequately schooled in the craft of showmanship. Sir William Jury's right-hand man, he helped to launch the film in this country when, during his associations with the pioneers, he introduced the cinematograph in parish halls and schoolrooms throughout the country, and assisted in a recruiting campaign—with a fleet of mobile film vans—during the war.

He afterwards joined a prominent electrical company and, attaching himself to the R.M.A., eventually became chairman of the exhibition committee.

The Chairman of the R.M.A. itself, however, is M. M. MacQueen, who, as a student, worked under Sir John Reith when the Director-General of the B.B.C. was a young engineer at Beardmore's—long before the knighthood was conferred on him, of course.

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Whereas, until the 1936 Radiolympia, all variety bookings were effected through the B.B.C., this function is now in the able hands of the Mills-Winter Agency, a partnership consisting of Harry Mills, well known in the music world as a 'cellist and late manager to Jack Payne's B.B.C. Dance Orchestra, and Marius B. Winter, the popular band leader.

Radiolympia takes six months to organise and plan. Yet the theatre, which is the largest in the world, takes ten days to erect, and is unique in being the only theatre specially built for one show.

It is dismantled immediately after the ten-day show is over. . . .

This gigantic edifice embraces a network of stays and girders which represent altogether over 1,200 tons of steel; originally, there was some anxiety in regard to the provision of this steel, its arrival being delayed by the heavy demands of armament firms.

June Malo and Sutherland, two of the stars for Olympia, do a little rehearsal!

The auditorium, this year, will accommodate 5,000 people (a thousand more than last year, when nearly 100,000 visitors saw the show) and an elaborate system of lighting—equalled only by an up-to-date New York theatre—will emblazon the enormous stage.

◆ ◆ ◆

As before, ordinary members of the public will have an opportunity of watching the privileged sight of a broadcast in progress, and the stage setting has been designed in the manner of a B.B.C. studio, with microphone gantries, light signals, control panels and announcer.

The twenty-eight famous radio stars and acts billed for the show will include many old favourites.

The entire exhibition, the area of which covers over half a million square feet of space, will provide a medium for 183 radio manufacturers to show their products in 212 stands. Five thousand and 1938 models of sound and vision receivers will occupy the five miles of counter.

Golden Notes

Holiday bands all over Britain are the big attraction for holidaymakers who are anxious to hear played the musical items in the DAILY HERALD great £2,500 Holiday Music Competition.

Imagine yourself as a conductor—anxious to know what is the best military band holiday music programme which could be offered to listeners.

If you can choose such a programme of 12 musical items from the 28 listed in this great holiday music competition, a huge fortune will reward your musical opinions. Entry forms are published each day in the DAILY HERALD.

Is Your Dog "Snappy"?

—if so, do what DOG EXPERTS do!

If that dog of yours is not as friendly as he or she should be—and snaps and snarls without apparent reason—more than likely he is suffering from a stomach or digestive disorder. Get every vital organ in the system working properly—and you will soon restore him to normal good health and good temper. The way to do this is not to give or force pills into him—but to dose him with KARSWOOD Dog Powders—as used by 80 out of every 100 Dog Experts and recommended by Vets. KARSWOOD Powders clear and leave no organ in the dog's system to trouble itself. They contain (1) IRON for the Blood, PHOSPHORUS for the Nerves and Muscles, IODINE for the Glands (4) TONIC SALTS for the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys, (5) SULPHUR for the Skin (6) CALCIUM for Bone Development and are thus a complete one remedy which acts like magic in banishing skin troubles, Listlessness, Bad Breath, Poor Coat, Worms and other disorders which cause bad temper in dogs. KARSWOOD are much cheaper in use than ordinary dog powders. Get a packet to try 9 orders 6d., or 21 for 1/—from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Chemists, Dog Food shops everywhere. With every 1/- packet you will receive

FREE GIFT WORTH 7/6

As an introductory gift, you will receive with every 1/- packet Karswood Dog Powders—a magnificent 16 Oil-on-Print, absolutely worth 7/6, reproduced from Lucy Dawson's oil-painting entitled "Getting Ticklish." No coupons to collect. Your dealer will hand you the picture with the 1/- packet Karswood Dog Powders. Offer cannot be repeated.

I'm Four Square rigged, little man!

A life on the ocean wave is a strenuous one when you're captain and cook and crew! For a sailing boat is no landlubber's craft; it's an all-day job that calls for an all-day tobacco. That's why I choose Four Square. Made from the purest leaf, naturally matured and free from artificial flavouring it can be smoked from dawn to dark with never a 'jib' in a pouchful. Yes, little man I've booked Four Square to be my First Mate for life.

FOUR SQUARE

TOBACCOS

Empire Mixture (*Green Squares*) 10½d.
Curlies (*Purple Squares*) 10½d.
Cut Cake (*Yellow Squares*) 11d.
Ripe Brown (*Brown Squares*) 11d.
Original Mixture (*Blue Squares*) 1/2½d.
Matured Virginia (*Red Squares*) 1/3d.
All Blends are Medium Strength.

10 to 13

ALSO FOUR SQUARE OUTSIDE
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
PACKETS: 10 FOR 7d., 20 FOR 1/2d.
FLAT TINS: 25 FOR 1/6d.
Guaranteed to be made solely from pure Virginia leaf.

SAMPLE OF ALL 6 BLENDS (1 OZ. NET) FOR 1/-, FROM ANY TOBACCONIST
George Dobie & Son, Ltd. (Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since 1809), Paisley, Scotland.
Basil Butler

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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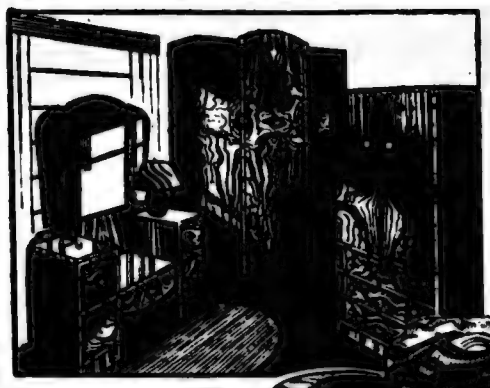
200 WEEKS TO PAY AT JAYS



Handsome Figured Walnut Bedroom Suite of unique design. The 4 ft. Wardrobe is supported by a Tallboy 5 ft. 6 ins. high, with three spacious drawers at foot. There is also a Pedestal Type Triple-Mirror Dressing Table carrying five drawers. A glorious production.
19½ GUINEAS — 2/6 Weekly

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Beautiful Figured Oak Dining Room Set as illustrated, including four small Chairs. Finished Tan or Jacobean.
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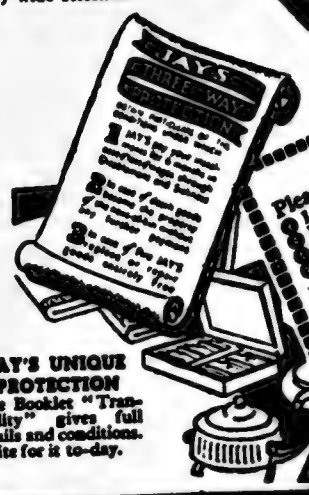

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1ST	PRIZE £10
2ND	PRIZE £5
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FOR LAST LINES

On a fortnight's vacation at Lee,
Bertie dived from the rocks to the sea;
A mermaid below
In search of a beau

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £10 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

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Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, September 3, 1937. A list of Winners will be sent to every competitor.

Some rhymes that will help you:
She, tea, free, fee, be, glee, key, lee, me, quay, knee, plea, we, thee, ye, three, agree, decree, degree, foresee, jubilee, pedigree, tree, disagree, see, he, sea, care-free, wee, gee!

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Cheddar or Cheshire
6d. box of 6: 1/- box of 12

IT COSTS NO MORE to roll in AG PAPERS —and enjoy BETTER SMOKES

ADRIFT in a Gale

Trembling and wretched, we watched the flares helplessly

★ *Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 297290 Edwin Chadwick, Ashby House, Trinity Avenue, Llandudno.*

WHEN I was a youngster I used frequently to think of death. Seeing a frozen robin in the snow would set me pondering on what it was all about. But I could never make head nor tail of it. Death is like that to people who are alive and healthy.

It's only when you are very ill or face to face with something that might mean your end that its awful significance becomes apparent.

Until I had my greatest adventure, I had never been exposed to death. Most of my life had been spent in comparative safety.

My adventure begins in 1913. I was living in Llandudno, where I am still a resident. In those days I was very fond of fishing. In fine weather I and a friend would hire a boat and go out to sea, where we would fish sometimes all day. It was great fun.

At the time my story begins we had hired a boat and rowed steadily out to sea. It was a fine day, with a cool breeze blowing in from the Atlantic.

When we were out some distance one of the rowlocks snapped and fell into the sea, leaving us helpless. At first the gravity of our position wasn't fully apparent to us. As a matter of fact, we joked and laughed about it. But about half-an-hour later, after we had strained our eyes looking for a boat to rescue us, we became alarmed.

"What are we going to do?" I asked my friend.

"Search me," he replied, shrugging his shoulders.

For a few minutes we both sat and looked at the waves lapping the sides of the boat like tongues of hungry monsters. About this time a high wind got up, whipping the waves bigger and bigger every second.

Above, the hitherto clear sky became rapidly filled with swirling black clouds, and it began to rain.

Although neither of us said it, we both knew that if a storm of any magnitude arose our chances of living would be remote. This realisation was manifest in my friend's eyes. They were filled, as I suppose were mine, with the horror at the thought of being drowned.

Meanwhile, both of us sat stiffly in the boat with our hands clutching firmly to the sides, with the misguided opinion that it would keep it steady. While we did so we rode perilously on the waves, bobbing up and down like a helpless cork.

Presently I turned to my friend and said: "I'll take my shirt off and attempt to signal the shore. Maybe somebody over there will see us."

"That's a good idea," he said; "why the dickens didn't we think of it before?"

I did that. During the process the boat rolled so badly that the water rushed in over the sides. Once or twice it nearly turned over completely.

While I was signalling, my friend kept the boat bows to the weather.

Hours passed. Daylight began to give way to the shadows of night, and up there in the heavens, between the clouds, we could see the stars appearing.

My signalling had so far yielded no results. With the coming of the night it was rendered useless.

"Well, Ed.," my friend said in grave tones, "I guess that this is the end of us."

His pessimism depressed me. But deep in me was the awful feeling that he was right. To me it seemed dreadful that I should have to die when I was so young. There were so many things that I wanted to do. Moreover, the anticipation of dying was to my sensitive imagination terrible.

And as I sat there, holding grimly to the sides of the boat, I tried to imagine what sort of physical and mental sensations would accompany the end.

Would dying be painful? Would the whole of my past life flash through my mind? These were two of the questions that dominated my mind as we sat out there in that bobbing boat, gradually being enveloped in darkness.

In such circumstances one feels so helpless, and it is only natural that we should both look to our Maker to save us from the hungry sea.

Thus, with the wind in our ears, we both prayed that we might be saved from drowning. This was followed by a palpable relief from tension, and, inspired with new optimism, we proceeded to bale out the water from the bottom of the boat.

Presently it got so dark that we could not see each other's faces.

Then for some time we shouted at each other certain experiences we had had during our young lives. We discussed the people we knew, speculated on what they would say when they knew that we were dead, and wondered whether our bodies would be found.

While we were thus engaged we saw something that made our hearts leap with joy, for out there towards the shore we saw the flares obviously from a lifeboat illuminating the blackness of the night.

Cold, trembling and wretched, we sat there, helplessly watching the flares, wondering while we did so if we should be lucky enough to be spotted.

More weary hours passed, and during that time not once did it seem that our would-be rescuers would get near enough to see us.

Finally, we despaired. Then there were no more flares. Our world was once more the whining gale, the tempestuous waves, and our horrified imaginations.

The night seemed endless. But the dawn broke at last. With it the wind died down. A bunch of white clouds to the east became edged with gold—the sun was rising on another day.

In the meantime, we had fought the drowsiness that had pervaded our weary bodies—fought it desperately, for we knew that once it had enveloped us that would be the end of us.

I looked across at my friend. He sat like a man who had lived through a thousand hells. His eyes were encircled with scarlet rings; his face was pale and drawn, and his hair dishevelled by the rain and the wind that had lashed us ruthlessly all through this awful night must have looked the same.

But, despite our sorry condition, we smiled—smiled like grateful mortals, pleased indeed that we had been spared from Davy Jones' locker.

During the next hour or two we said nothing. We were too exhausted.

Then we saw a boat bobbing up and down before us. It looked no bigger than a reel of cotton. Instinctively I knew that it was coming out to search for us, and instinctively I knew that now we should not die.

But, instead of waving our arms in glee, we broke down and sobbed. That was the condition in which the lifeboatmen found us.

As soon as we were dragged into the boat I lost consciousness. I heard later, when I returned to consciousness, that when the people on the beach saw our bodies being carried ashore in tarpaulin sheets they thought that we were dead.

They took us to a near-by hotel, where we were resuscitated and taken home. There being no ambulance in the town in those days, we were conveyed home in a milk-cart.

To express our appreciation for the splendid manner in which the lifeboat crew behaved, my friend and I gave them a dinner; and on the walls of the dining-room hung large newspaper placards bearing these words: "Double Tragedy in Llandudno: Two Well-known Residents Drowned."

Because if so, remember Pan Yan when you put them on the table. Pan Yan makes hot or cold pies twice as nice. And its spicy flavour helps in another way too. Pan Yan is specially blended to stimulate gastric action. So it helps you get all the goodness from the food you eat. You get more "go" out of meat for life! Just try Pan Yan—it makes the problem of family meals as easy as pie!

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

FAVOURITE SOFT-CENTRE CHOCOLATES THAT COST ONLY 4D a ¼ lb.

Well 'served'—there's Coffee Truffle for you.

Pretty good listening to the gardening talk—when you've a Marzipan Filled Block and don't mean to do any gardening.

How saving in production-costs made Cadbury Filled Blocks 'the nation's sweetmeat.'

CHOCOLATE lovers everywhere have been voting solidly in favour of the Cadbury Filled Blocks. They can choose their favourite soft-centre—*and buy that and nothing else.* That's one reason. The other reason is just sheer value for money in the loveliest chocolates you ever tasted at any price.

When you buy FILLED BLOCKS you get eight pieces of the soft-centre chocolate you've chosen as your favourite *in a 2d. block!* Think, only 4d. for a ¼ lb. block—1/4 a lb., that is!

That's real value for money—and more and more people are hearing the glad news—taking the chocolates in this new form—and getting their favourite soft centres all the time.

What's *your* favourite soft-centre? You'll find it in the Filled Block Range.

A penny for their thoughts. Make it 2d. and they'll share them — Cadburys Caramello.

4D 4oz 2oz 2D

CADBURYS FILLED BLOCKS

CARAMELLO, MARZIPAN *and many other flavours*

NEWS IN THIS WEEK'S ADVERTISEMENTS

HERE are some special offers which readers of "John Bull" should not overlook:—

A FREE seven-day trial tube of a famous tooth-paste. (PAGE THIRTY.)

A FREE booklet giving full details and conditions of home furnishing on easy payments. (PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN.)

READERS can obtain a magnificent art colour print free with every purchase of a packet of famous dog powders. (PAGE TWENTY-SIX.)

FULL details of a seven-stage Superhet which will bring world-wide reception and obtainable for a few shillings weekly. (PAGE FOURTEEN.)

A SPECIAL 32-page brochure is available free to all home lovers and those interested in furnishing. (PAGE TWENTY-FIVE.)

A TESTING sample of a hair preparation which will stimulate and awaken dormant roots. (PAGE THIRTY-THREE.)

£10 in prizes for the best last line to a limerick. (PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT.)

A SHAVING offer in which two free blades are included. (PAGE SIXTEEN.)

READERS who are leg-weary can obtain a sample and booklet explaining a new remedy. (PAGE THIRTY-FIVE.)

HOW to wash coloured woollens safely, quickly, and without hard rubbing. (FRONT COVER.)

Shorter hours for MOTHER

Why rack your brain for a change of menu? Why toil in the kitchen when such a delicious meal as Kellogg's Rice Krispies is ready with the mere opening of the packet?

Fully cooked—all you have to do is add cold milk or cream. And how the children love it! When you pour on the milk those merry bubbles of rice are so crisp they actually say "Snap—crackle—pop!"

Let the kiddies have all they want—for breakfast, lunch or at bedtime—for Rice Krispies are digested so easily little tummies are never overtaxed. Serve them to the rest of the family as well—everybody likes Rice Krispies. You are sure of crispness. Sold by your grocer. 7½d per packet.

Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
So Crisp They Crackle in Cream

The *Real news* behind the rumours

● You want more than rumours—you want the real news behind those rumours—the hidden secrets—drama behind the headlines. You will find it each week in "NEWS REVIEW," the paper that will keep you in touch with world affairs and prints the facts frankly, fearlessly.
More than 20 regular weekly features—Politics, Theatre, Art, News from Abroad, Books, Behind the Headlines, As Others See Us, Business Finance, Medicine, Music, Cinema and Theatre, etc., etc.

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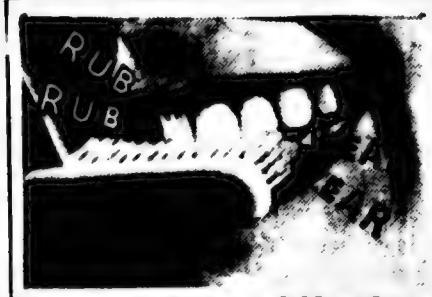

Thinks she's whitening her teeth . . . *actually she's* **wearing them away**

Are *you* making her mistake? If the paste or powder you use is at all abrasive, it's likely to wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature's only protection against decay. And there *are* dentifrices so abrasive that Dentists can tell at a glance what you've been using.

You can quite easily prove whether your present tooth paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don't take chances any longer. It is because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

Odol

Free sample tube. *Post this coupon in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Cranbury Ltd. (Dept. J.B.35), Norwich, for a free tube of Odol. This applies to G. Britain and N. Ireland.*

Name .....

Address .....

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"Mummy, where *are* the Reckitt's Bath Cubes?"

RECKITT AND SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, 23in. Racing Rubs. quick release Wing Nuts. Dunlop Sports Tyres. Coventry Chain. Lever-operated Best Handlebars. Dunlop Endrick Rims Racing Pedals, Calliper Rear Brake. Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle 'Hold all' Bag. Reflector. Accessories. Ladies' or Men's same price £4.15.0 or £1 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogue Free. Full range of Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

64 NOW

PROPHETS are going into big business again. In olden days, no one who could predict good harvest weather need ever be without food and shelter; but if he were to live to prophesy another day, he had either to be dead right or very nippy on his pins.

Woe betide him if he predicted fire and brimstone on the wrong Thursday afternoon!

In these less self-assertive days our weather prophets do not claim infallibility.

Yet a firm of experts claim that their forecasts are 80 per cent. accurate for any period up to twelve months in any specified area of the British Isles.

And they do thousands of pounds' worth of business on that basis.

The prophets have their travellers, keen young men, going about the country "selling the weather" to industrialists.

At home in their city office, the prophets are busy answering enquiries by mail, wire and 'phone.

A North of England steelworks wants three fine consecutive days in September for the tempering of a large piece of work which has to be done in the open. Which three days can they rely on? The information is worked out by the experts and posted to them.

A firm of caterers 'phone up to know what sort of weekend weather we are going to have. They do not want to be surprised by a heat wave with a large supply of heavy meals on their hands, when everybody is clamouring for salads and ice cream.

An owner who has a horse running in a big race wants to know what the "going" will be like.

A county cricket club with an important fixture is trying to fit it into a predicted fine week, for the sake of the attendance.

✣✣✣

Correct weather forecasting can save industry millions of pounds a year.

In addition to such goods as are directly influenced by the weather, such as umbrellas and mackintoshes and all manner of outdoor sport and entertainment, advertisers of many sorts of goods are affected.

Among those who can most obviously be caught out are window dressers.

More than one firm have had their sales of summer dresses and bathing costumes nipped in the bud by a spell of cold weather.

Yet a firm advertising lubricating oil was fortunate in receiving a correct forecast of a local heatwave in a particular area to tally with a newspaper advertising campaign for a summer brand of oil.

Correct weather forecasts are absolutely essential in the dyeing industry, as colours vary with changes in the temperature.

Many municipalities in doubt as to the date on which they shall hold a carnival now contract for a forecast to be supplied to them suggesting dates when the sun will be kind in their part of the country.

Quotations for these forecasts run from a few shillings to hundreds of pounds.

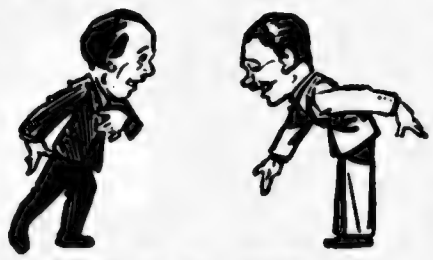
For 2s. 6d. you can get a forecast for the period of your summer holiday at any resort which you favour, up to twelve months ahead.

A day-to-day chart drawn up with a complete twelve months' weather forecast may cost a catering firm £200, which they consider a mere nothing compared with the money which they save if the forecast is a correct one.

The meteorological office of the Air Ministry, with the typical caution of a Government department, do not claim to be able to see anything more than twenty-four hours ahead; and they do not even guarantee their forecast to be correct, though they have the resources of half the world on which to draw.

People who dislike hesitating about the weather have been known to pay well for reliable forecasts—the prophets making a profit

Men Who Turned the WEATHER *into* PROFIT



"Shall we say 'warmer,' Mr. Negretti?"
"I think so, Mr. Zambra"

✣✣✣

Out on an iceflow in the frozen North, a gentleman dons his "best gent's suiting" and emerges from his igloo vigorously rubbing his nose to keep away frostbite.

Having read his instruments, he returns home at a smart trot and taps out the result on his morse telegraph key.

A split second later a telephonist at the top of the Air Ministry in London makes out the usual routine chit of the weather report from Spitzbergen.

Out in the Atlantic a ship is battling with huge seas.

On the bridge, a sunken-eyed officer, reeling with fatigue, is reading his instruments. A seaman staggers up the companion to the bridge, takes the chit which the officer hands to him and fights his way to the wireless operator's cabin.

In a flash the syncopated note of the morse barks in the earphones of a lady telephonist in Adastral House; and London has a record of Atlantic weather.

In another telephone-box the wireless speaks again. This time Moscow is "spilling the beans" about Russian weather, seventeen pages of it in code.

From Greenland and Iceland, from the Azores to Aden, weather reports are flashing in from half the world. Barometer 30 degrees, temperature 70 degrees Fahrenheit, humidity 50 per cent., wind S.W., 23 miles an hour, weather misty, visibility 100 yards, stratus half clouds, that is the sort of thing that is coming in every three hours from hundreds of stations.

At the same time, from a dozen R.A.F. stations in the British Isles reports are being received by radio telephony.

Rain in Iceland, storm over the Azores, sunshine in Manchester, typhoon at Aden; it all comes buzzing over the ether every three hours with the monotonous voice of the morse.

✣✣✣

From this mass of co-ordinated information the senior weather forecaster makes out his forecast.

Seated in front of their maps his assistants are drawing in the particulars of temperature, wind, atmosphere, pressure, etc.

Within a quarter of an hour of the last receipt, the result has been plotted out on the weather charts by the assistant forecasters, and the senior forecaster has decided to tell us whether we shall need our umbrellas or not during the next twenty-four hours.

Anyone who cares to tune in his set to 1181 metres may hear all about it.

But the commercial weather prophets make no use of this data in their long-distance forecasts.

They work their figures out according to a mathematical formula which they claim is the result of years of observation and experience.

★ *Hurry!*

Readers who have not yet applied for their copies of JOHN BULL's new presentation work, "Romantic Britain," should do so at once. So great is the demand for the strictly limited supplies that this Presentation cannot long remain open. Further Reservation Forms appear in the announcement on pages 4 and 5. Post these Forms right away before it's too late.

STOMACH PAINS THROUGH MOTORING

The stomach is a most adaptable piece of human machinery, but you can hardly expect it to function if you cramp and restrict it in ways Nature never intended. Any motorist knows that a long turn at the wheel almost sure to bring on stomach pains. Huddled up in the driving seat, attention concentrated on the road and its perils, lack of exercise for body and limbs—all put an unfair load on the digestion which causes it to break down under the strain. Acidity, heartburn and flatulence tell their own tale. The remedy is to take a few MACLEAN Brand Stomach Tablets after eating. By so, stomach acidity is neutralised, the stomach is kept clean and healthy, and the process of easy, care-free digestion proceeds in a normal way.

Be careful to get the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets—those with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. Sold by all chemists at 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle—never loose.

THE DEMAND

FOR

CAPSTAN

INCREASES DAILY

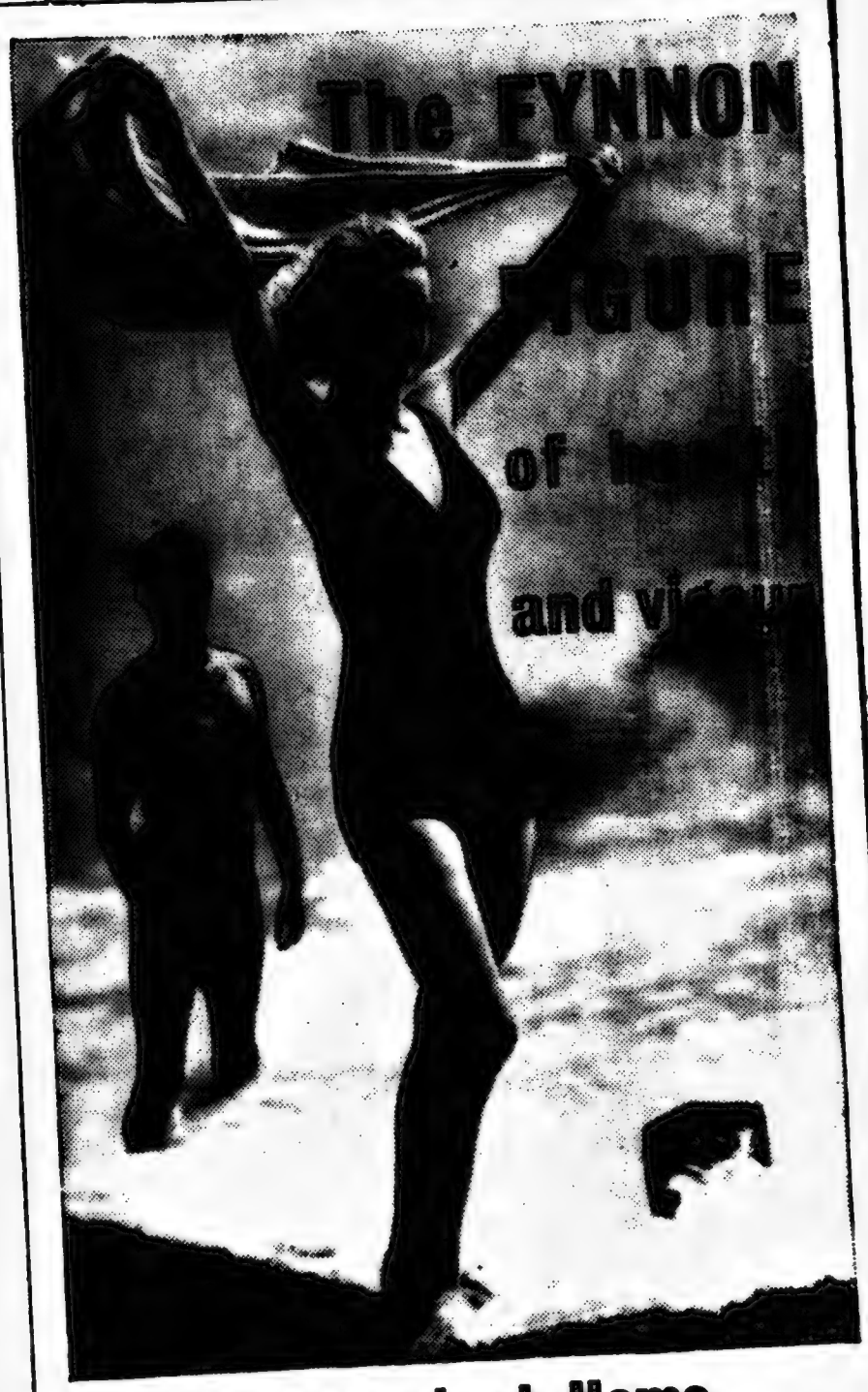
– SAY W.D.&H.O.WILLS.

"'S right!"

WILLS'S CAPSTAN CIGARETTES.

10 FOR 6d. 20 FOR 11½d.

C.C.5782



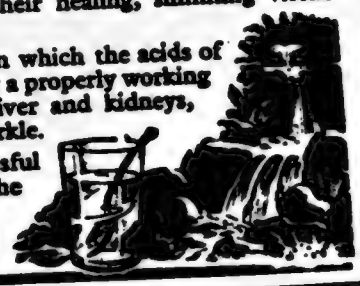
Spa treatment at Home

Some lucky people find no difficulty in keeping the lissom lines of youth. But they are few and far between. Most of us find that the way we have to live tells on the liver, and once the liver gets sluggish, acids accumulate in the blood and—Good-bye Youth!

In some people those acids turn to fat and in others to Rheumatism. A long 'cure' at one of the Spas might put you right again, but nowadays you don't have to go as far. The elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium that give world-famous Mineral Springs their healing, slimming virtue are combined in Fynnon Salt.

A Fynnon figure is simply a human body in which the acids of Rheumatism and fat are being eliminated by a properly working liver. Fynnon Salt will gently stimulate liver and kidneys, clear away the waste and give life a new sparkle.

Take a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a glassful of water before breakfast every day. The 1/3 tin will last a month.



FYNNON LTD., GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27

Tired Aching Feet?

THERE IS RELIEF BEYOND BELIEF IN A BATH OF 'REUDEL' SALTS!

When you feel you cannot go another step; when your feet burn and smart; when corns stab like red hot needles—then is the time to have a 'Reudel' footbath. Rest your feet in it for 15 minutes and they will be soothed and comforted instantly. For there is relief beyond belief in the soothing medicated water of a 'Reudel' footbath. The oxygenated water penetrates deep down in each pore drawing out acid accumulations, easing the ache and smart. The special corn-loosening Salts reach right to the roots of the corns so that they are loosened and can be lifted out. Try a 'Reudel' footbath to-night and say goodbye to all foot troubles.

REUDEL
(PRONOUNCED ROO-DEL)
Bath **SALTS**
ONLY IN YELLOW PACKETS
1/6 (10 ozs.)

INSTANT RELIEF FROM PILES

FREE OFFER.

Few complaints cause more pain and distress than Piles. Apart from the physical disability, there is always the mental strain of endeavouring to keep the trouble secret as long as possible. Sufferers will not frankly seek advice for Piles as they would for other ailments, yet it is such a simple matter to cure the trouble easily and painlessly in the privacy of one's own home. The MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE—a doctor's formula—will instantly relieve the pain and irritation of swollen piles. Its soothing action will reduce protrusions, check hemorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how bad the condition.

Mr. P. Hale, of 31, Bradley St., Cardiff, writes:—"I have much pleasure in reporting a complete recovery after using your MAGIC PILE CURE. Words cannot praise this wonderful remedy enough. I had suffered from Piles for two years, had tried everything and spent pounds trying to get ease from my suffering—all without result. Now, within three weeks of trying your MAGIC PILE CURE all pain and swelling has gone. It is hardly credible, unless one has suffered from rectal trouble, to appreciate what your cure has done for me in so short a time. It is, as you claim, a 'magic' cure for all rectal troubles, so easy, clean and dependable. I consider it worth its weight in gold."

The MAGIC PILE CURE has been used and recommended for more than 25 years: there is nothing "just as good" for the treatment of internal, external, blind and bleeding piles. It relieves where all else fails. For a generous FREE SAMPLE send a postcard to:
MAGIC LABORATORIES M.N. 21, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4

WHY ENDURE RHEUMATISM

"The Patient is going steadily on, taking the Urace brand tablets with the doctor's approval."—Miss ——, S.R.N., St. John's Wood. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner St., London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

"You've had your share, so why talk"—thus answered, what can the foreman with a secret say? (A film impression)

Storing up TROUBLE

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
By PHILIP INMAN

"HE never let a man down," said the then Prime Minister, in his tribute to the late Sir Austen Chamberlain. How many of us, I wonder, could say the same thing? Rather would we say, "If I had my time over again, I would act very differently."

That is true of a number of my readers who write to me. Says one man:—

I am foreman to a firm of electrical engineers and have been with them now for fourteen years. Some years before I was made foreman, I was working with two other electricians wiring a shop. There was a considerable amount of material left over when the job was finished, and one of my workmates, knowing that I was going to wire my own house, suggested that I should take some of it for my own use.

I did so and have regretted it ever since. The man who suggested it is still with the firm, and although I have caught him stealing on several occasions, yet when I have spoken to him he laughs and says, "You've had your share, so why talk?" If I report this man I know he will tell my employers about my own lapse, and yet in my position of authority I ought not to allow him to continue his pilfering.

I would try to get a job in another town but I am buying my house and have many friends here. I have explained the position to my wife and both of us would be grateful for your advice, which we have decided to act upon.

◆ "Remember," says an old proverb, "that the present will be the past in the future." That sounds a bit complicated, but it isn't really. It means that if we exercise care in what we are doing now, there will be no room for regrets later on.

My correspondent, because of that one act of pilfering, finds himself now in a very awkward predicament. If he remains silent and allows that workman to go on stealing, he is grossly betraying the trust of h's firm. What is more, should it ever come out, he will unquestionably lose his job for allowing such a thing to go on under his very eye.

In my opinion there is only one course open to him. He should go to his employers and tell them quite frankly what happened those years ago.

He should offer to pay for the material which he took, and make any other reparation in his power. This man must have given good service to have been made the foreman. I think that his firm would appreciate a voluntary confession on his part.

The only alternative, of course, is for him to look for a fresh post. I hope, however, that he will adopt my first suggestion and that the sword which now hangs over his head will be removed. In that way he will be able to do his duty by his firm and by himself.

There is one problem that is as old as the hills. We call it "the eternal triangle." In George Meredith's words, "The actors are, it seems, the usual three; husband and wife and lover." Here is a modern version of it:—

A friend called on me the other day and left behind a copy of JOHN BULL. I was very impressed by reading your article, and it prompted me to tell you my story. At the age of twenty-one, under considerable pressure from my father, I entered into a forced marriage with a girl whom I had got into trouble.

I am now thirty-one and have spent ten most miserable and unhappy years, only staying at home because of our child. After trying for some years to make a success of things I finally gave it up, and to escape the constant quarrels when we were in the house together, began spending my leisure hours with a friend. Some time ago, however, he went away, and after wandering about on my own night after night I made the acquaintance of a young lady whom I used to pass on the way to and from business.

We seem to be made for each other, and although I have explained my position to her she does not want me to give her up. I would rather die now than lose my newly found happiness. She says that I might get a divorce. But could I? Would my wife agree to this way out? I rather think not. I want to be fair to her and the child and at the same time spend a few happy years to make up for the past.

My wife knows there is someone else but does not know who she is. Is there any way out of this hopelessness? Please say what you think is best, but don't suggest making it up at home—such a course is utterly impossible.

◆ This man has apparently made up his own mind. "Don't suggest making it up at home," he says, "for that is impossible." All he seems to expect from me is to tell him to run off with that girl and to leave behind his wife and his child.

Well, that is something I will not do. If he is resolved upon that step, then he must make the decision himself. But I urge him to hesitate before finally taking the plunge.

He must think of the consequences not only to himself but to other people. "I want to be fair to my wife and my child," he says. Does he think he will do that by leaving them in the lurch? Then there is that other girl to consider. If, as he says, it is unlikely that he can obtain a divorce, her position would indeed be an unenviable one.

It seems to me that the only honourable course open to him is to have a frank talk with his wife. He can tell her just what he feels about his home life, and about his affection for the girl he has met.

Life under present conditions must be very miserable for that wife, and she would no doubt welcome some way of release from her unhappiness. T young man says he was forced into marriage. That may be so, but it none the less a binding contract. alas, it is to be broken, then it sh be by consent of both parties.

Many people who have a past w prefer that the skeleton should rem locked and bolted in the cupboard there are people about with spi natures who like to bring it to the l of day. Here is a case of that kind of my girl readers writes:—

I am an only child, twenty-one y old, and my mother and I live for other, my father having died ten y ago. Recently my mother quarrelled a sister because I refused to le mother lend her money.

She is in a better position than we with a husband earn good money, and ye can't manage and always cadging. My a then told me that mother wasn't all thought her to be as had a son before married my father I very upset and c not believe my moth youngest brother (as thought) was a h brother to me.

My mother had ne told me as she knew I would feel about make things worse aunt also told the I work with and keeps making sarca remarks about mother, knowing h terribly it hurts me.

Mother wishes us to move right a and start again, but we are both in permanent positions and as my mo getting on in years I am afraid she find it difficult to get work el Should we stay and see how thing out or try to find peace in another

It was brutal for that aunt to t girl of that incident in the past. I cruel in the extreme to inform th with whom she works. But no the disclosure has been made, should be done about it?

◆ My correspondent and h mother are both in permane positions. It would, in judgment, be far better for h to stay where they are, rather than the future by moving into a new d trict. My advice to them is to take brave stand on the matter. That a should be treated with the contempt deserves.

That girl at her work should be firmly and definitely to mind her o business. Show no trace of fear to s tormentors and they quickly tire. O other thing. This news has come as sudden shock to my correspondent. B with the passing of time the blow become softened.

In the meanwhile, the love that exis between mother and daughter should a great comfort to them both. And that possession they can afford to ign those who delight in making mischief.

Send your private problem to "Humanist" at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

HOLIDAY RETURN FARE

When you've returned from your holiday and sigh for the days just gone, remember the holiday spirit is still at your call in the 100 pages of "Summer Pie," the grand holiday annual now on sale everywhere.

Nearly 50 brilliant authors and artists have set themselves out to entertain you in this sunny annual. Sixpence spent on "Summer Pie" brings happiness to you and others less fortunate than yourself, as all profits go to charity.

GET RID OF THAT GIRL!
LET ME GIVE HER ANOTHER CHANCE MR. BROWN! IT'S JUST HER BREATH...
I KNOW MY SALES RECORD WAS BAD BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY
WELL NOW, SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH, AND PERHAPS...
BAD BREATH COMES FROM THE TEETH?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD BETWEEN BADLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING PARTICLES.
YOUR SALES RECORD THIS MONTH IS VERY GOOD MISS THAYER (THINKS) AND YOU'RE VERY PRETTY!
THANKS MR. BROWN! (THINKS) COLGATE'S IS MARVELLOUS!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
NOW... NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel gently yet thoroughly. Its regular use makes teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliance to your smile!

IN TWO SIZES

6d. AND 1/-

2 Tablets of Phensic

GIVE COMFORTING RELIEF FROM

SUN GLARE **HEADACHE**

When the heat has got you down and you feel listless, tired, and your head throbs with pain—just put TWO TABLETS OF PHENSIC on your tongue and wash them down with a glass of water. Feel how PAIN begins to melt away—and in a few minutes is GONE! Feel how NEW LIFE flows in to tired limbs, how quickly you become fresh, cool and comfortable! The secret of Phensic is in its formula—a careful combination of five tested ingredients to make it a SAFE, POWERFUL, SPEEDY PAIN-KILLER and a TONIC ENERGISER in one! Phensic cannot harm your heart. Used daily by Doctors, Nurses, in Hospitals and thousands of homes. Invaluable for all Nerve Pains, Rheumatism, Summer Colds and Chills. Always carry Phensic with you—from all chemists 3d. (two doses), 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK'

Phensic

The Wonderful Tablets which Drive Out Pain

HAIR

Is your case here!

IF YOUR HAIR TROUBLE IS BELOW, KOTALKO HAS PUT IT RIGHT BEFORE AND CAN DO SO AGAIN.

Told he would always be bald *KOTALKO soon grew new hair*

Turning grey *KOTALKO restored natural colour*

Wasted Pounds *then tried KOTALKO*

My hair fell out *KOTALKO brought fine thick growth*

Afraid to comb her hair *New, strong hair using KOTALKO*

"I had no hair on my head at all. I was told I should never have another hair as long as I lived. A hairdresser whom I consulted confirmed this. I bought Kotalko and Kotalko Soap. The new hair soon began to grow, and now no one seeing me would credit I had been bald. The hairdresser and many others can confirm all I say."—J. BINDLEY.

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin. I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from dandruff. Also my hair, which was going grey, resumed its natural colour."—Miss D. BELL.

"My husband's head was in a terrible state. One big bald patch on the top of his head was the size of a teacup. We had spent pounds in trying to get this condition different. We sent for Kotalko and by the photo you will see that we have much to be thankful for."—W. JOBSON.

"Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued and the hair is now thick and lustrous and is a mass of waves."—M. J. MURPHY.

"Once I was afraid to comb my hair; this is no longer so, for the falling has completely stopped. My head is completely covered with a thick growth of new, strong hair. Kotalko Soap is also worthy of praise. It is better than anything I have yet used for washing my hair."—Miss M. WOODHALL.

We could fill the whole of this paper with similar grateful letters and photos proving the wonders Kotalko has worked in every kind of hair trouble.

Even if you have been actually bald for years try Kotalko. If your hair is only falling, gradually becoming thinner, or becoming dead looking or lustreless, use Kotalko NOW and so AVERT premature baldness. Kotalko stimulates and awakens dormant roots, softens hardened scalp, clears up those deposits of dandruff which clog the hair passages and prevent the new hairs growing through the scalp. Kotalko and Kotalko Soap soon check falling hair, cover thin spots with vigorous new growth, remove unsightly dandruff and will make your hair glossy and "alive."

Kotalko is not a "new discovery." Kotalko has proved itself. It has stood the test of time. For 21 years Kotalko has brought benefits to people of all ages. No matter what your age, whether your hair is thin, brittle, splitting, falling, choked with dandruff or even if there are signs of baldness, Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are what you need. Let a trial sample prove that Kotalko can do in your case what it has done for countless others—give you a new growth of glossy, vigorous colourful hair. Surely your appearance is worth more than 3d. it costs to secure this Double Test Sample. FILL IN THE COUPON BELOW AND POST NOW.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER
WAKES UP THE ROOTS

DOUBLE TEST

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., (S.22.G.), 9, Percy Street, London, W.1.

I want a testing sample of Kotalko and a sample tablet of Kotalko Soap, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27

ASTHMA

Relief is what matters

For sixty five years Himrod's has given the greatest relief to sufferers of bronchial asthma.

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST

Insist on the genuine

HIMROD'S CURE

£20 in Cash Prizes FREE!

For best Last Line to Limerick on page 28.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA CHEESE" offer a first prize of £10 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 28. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, September 3, 1937. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

Skin Eruptions

CLEARED IN A FEW DAYS

Pimples and rashes that disfigure you and make you ashamed to be seen—Chronic Eczema that makes your life a misery with its maddening itching day and night—Stubborn boils and ulcers that have defied all your efforts to heal them—They all begin to mend at the first application of Cuticura Ointment. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples fade and vanish after one or two applications. Eczema of years' standing has been completely extinguished with a single tin of this amazing healer. Its germ-killing, soothing, purifying ingredients sink to the depths of the eruption and eradicate the poisons that cause all the irritation and inflammation. For clean, safe healing of all skin outbreaks and injuries—for sure protection against septic germs—there's nothing more reliable and handy than this unfailing healer.

THIS WRITER PROVED IT

"My face, neck, chest and legs became covered with red, sore pimples which were exceedingly painful and embarrassing. After trying various things without success, I started with Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap and very soon my skin was perfectly clear." (Signed) L. R. W. Edwards, 28, Myrtle Villa, Swilly, Plymouth.

Why not let Cuticura heal you? Buy a tin to-day!

Cuticura OINTMENT

The Sportsman's COMPLETE SERVICE
Racing · Football · Greyhounds

BETS BY POST

Fixed Price Football
Six Leagues Nothing Barred
40 YEARS' REPUTATION for STRAIGHTFORWARD DEALING

LETTER COMMISSIONS from 1/- up to ANY AMOUNT bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be cast. FULL STARTING PRICE or Totalisator Returns as desired

Please send particulars of your service. I am over 21 years of age.

Name
Address
J.B. 21/8/37
Town
County

BIG TWO

DAVID COPE
227 BATH ST GLASGOW C

IF VEG. IS DEAR DON'T BLAME GROWERS

—says One

I SHOWED an "educational" A.B.C. book to a child, pointed to "A is for Axe," and received the reply "Chopper." "O for Objects"—there being a golliwog among the objects illustrated—was described as "Doll."

"Q is for Quoits" said the book—but the small child preferred to say "Ring." "Y" was for yacht, but it was described as boat. Then we got to "I," which was illustrated by a cornet. "Ice-cream" said the boy—and scored.—H.W., Longport, Somerset.

Seeking the simplest word, the child beats the educationist.

TOES BELIE HIM

All my three sons have inherited webbed feet from my husband, who can't swim a stroke and can't learn to.—Mrs. WEBSTER, 85, Napier Street, Leeds Road, Bradford.

Webbed feet are not tremendously uncommon. They don't enable the duck to swim, however—but help him to paddle along faster.

SOMEBODY'S SWEARING

In one week of my post-office duties I have handled letters addressed to "The Dead House, London," "Mr. John Budd, Grocer, London," and "Mr. Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickelby Square, London."

The first two reached their proper destinations and, as there is no Mr. Oliver Twist alive, the last one was duly sent to the Shakespearean Art Society.—A. HEWSON, 23, Ranelagh Road, Leytonstone, Essex.

We can imagine the Shakespearean Art Society saying: "What the Dickens!"

YOUNG HEROES

Walking through the cemetery at Alexandria, Dumbartonshire, I noticed a stone erected by Denis McLafferty in memory of his wife and also his son Denis, killed at Loos on September 29, 1915, aged 16 years 10 months.

Is he the youngest war hero?—ALLAN CONWAY, 126, George Street, Bonhill, Dumbartonshire.

Army records don't help. Many boys of 15 or thereabouts, looking older, were driven by silly women armed with white feathers to go into the Army—and to their deaths.

"Race with Silver Ring"

Be On Union Jack

THERE will be a good old Yorkshire roar if Matt or Harry Peacock should win the Ebor.

Of their entries Newtown Ford is preferred, but this good stayer has plenty to do with 8 st. 11 lb.

Nectar II may follow up his Pitmen's Derby victory, and a good case can be made out for Suzerain, but, being patriotic, I am going for Union Jack.

Trained by Captain Elsey at Malton, this three-year-old impressed greatly at Ascot when second to Fearless Fox in the Gold Vase and, as a son of the St. Leger winner Singapore, the distance should not trouble him.

Union Jack is engaged in the Hyperion Stakes at Hurst Park, but I expect him to miss this event, which may be won by Goya II. For the Saturday specials Dusky Deacon and Thalia are suggested.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, August 19, to Wednesday, August 25.

Z Q C 93 B 94 M R 93 T F O A P U X
L H J I 96 E D W N 96 G S K V Y 97

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

KZMRUJQ would read ALDWYCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. PKZ23SV would read VALLIP.

CAUTION

I was paying a visit to my aunt, a very old lady. She was out on a shopping expedition when I arrived, and, with a number of friends, I awaited her return.

Hardly had she taken off her bonnet than she rattled the teacups and teapot on to the table, opened the caddy and then, looking at us with an accusing eye, said: "Somebody's been making tea. I know, because they've let the fly out of the caddy."—MRS. L. MILLINGTON, 57, Brook Street, St. Helens.

No flies on auntie.

THIS IS DANGEROUS

As a farrier, I use Archangel tar for footstuffing. A man called on me for a small portion of it the other day, smeared it over his dog's lips and said it would both prevent and cure distemper.

I pass on the hint.—A. MACKIE, Newton Smithy, Kirkcaldy.

Says Royal Veterinary College: don't do it. Dogs are particularly susceptible to tar poisoning. Surgeons there have seen dogs travelling with tarred string round their necks. It would be just as useful, and less dangerous, round their tails.

LONGPOD'S GROUSE

I hope housewives who think their beans are too dear don't blame me.

As you will see from the actual sales account attached, I sent three pecks (25½ lb.) of them to Covent Garden and received 9d., less 8d. for handling charges and 1d. commission, which means that I get 2d., which is less than I paid for picking.—LONGPOD, Swanley, Kent.

This reader describes himself in a postscript as a greengrower. Did he send a receipt?

TRAIN'S TRAM

On holiday in Portrush, Northern Ireland, I have travelled to the Giant's Causeway on an electric tram described in the district as being the oldest in the world.

It was built in the year 1883, and was invented by a man supposed to be mad.—WALTER WHITEHILL, 16, Sleads Street, Kinning Park, Glasgow.

Motorists would like to believe that the first inventor of the tramway was mad. Actually, Birkenhead had the first tramway system. Date, 1858. It was abolished three weeks ago. Interesting is the fact that Mr. Train, who had given his name to the railway train, introduced it.

OLD BULBS NEVER DIE

As a school caretaker, I have to remove and clean 300 electric light bulbs four times a year.

One old warrior fitted when the school was built in 1913 has been in continual service ever since, doing particularly heavy service in the war years when the school was a hospital.

I am wondering whether it is because I always replace bulbs in the same holes and don't reverse the poles.—P. HUMPHREYS, 1, Ionic Street, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

Reversing makes no difference, according to our office electricians, who add jealously: "What about one of 'John Bull' bulbs that was dropped 30 feet, stuck itself upright in a bucket and still worked."

PREJUDGED

Our puppy, recalled after he had crossed the road, was hit by a car. My husband and I saw what happened, and not a particle of blame could be attached to the motorist.

Yet a foolish crowd that had gathered nothing became hostile to the unfortunate fellow. One woman abused and took the number. Somebody else said "Fetch a policeman." When we gave an impartial witness account—and we wouldn't be prejudiced in the motorist's favour, would we?—we were told rudely to shut up.

I pitied that poor lad, and thought: What if it had been a child?—MRS. BROWN, 48c, Grand Parade, Harringay, N.4.

Knowing the type, we imagine he wouldn't have been so hysterical about a child.

WARNING

Refrain from entertaining any correspondence with our West African schoolchildren. We, their teachers, are out to stop them begging by post.

If people will do that, our debt of gratitude to them will be immense, beyond all repayment.—F. E. B. AWOONOR, Methodist School, Kumasi, G.C.W.A.

Good advice, on the whole. Yet people should distinguish. We know of a West African boy who, wanting to be the Oxford Senior, appealed for assistance to "The Head Scholar, ——School, Ealing." She helped him. He passed.

ARE YOU LIKE THIS?

For the life of me I can't understand my endowment, life and fire policies, unemployment and panel provisions, all the factory acts applying to me.

It is imperative that I should understand these things, yet the Law remains like double Dutch.—Mr. A. CAROL, 1, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

It was once said that for every man whose job it is to make laws there are more than 250 who live by interpreting them.

EPICUREAN CAT

Our cat is crazy about cucumber. In fact, if I put cucumber and meat on a plate the cucumber goes first. We even have to take care to protect those that are growing in our own garden.

A well-behaved cat in the ordinary way, it couldn't resist jumping on the tea-table the other day when our backs were turned and stealing cucumber.—T. G. HOGG, Searsons Cottages, Trimley, near Ipswich.

Not unusual. Most cats will also swoon over well-buttered asparagus.

KNACK

My sister had bought some young plants for her garden in Lincolnshire. "Well, why don't you plant them?" I asked.

"Oh, everybody round here leaves it to Mrs. ——. She has a 'growing hand.' Nothing she ever plants will die," was her answer. Is there such power?—Miss D., Angel Street, Sheffield.

Belief that some people have what is more often called a "green" hand has persisted for centuries. It is just luck.

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Oh, My Poor Legs!

That Awful Fatigue! Do You Know it? That Agonising Pain! Have You Suffered it?

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biological Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad legs) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not A Drug, But A Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of acting through the blood. Your copy is free, together with a generous free sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It adds to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, concentrate tablets by a special process Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised. Elasto will save you pounds!

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"*All signs of phlebitis gone.*"
"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"
"*Elasto tones up the system and cures depression.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better.*"
"*I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66.*"
"*Elasto has saved me pounds.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit.*"
"*The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of Elasto for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised, so post your Coupon NOW—while you think of it! This offer is too good to be missed.

COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....

(Please print in capital letters).

ADDRESS .....

"J.B." 21.6.37. .....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

"NOW..I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

With every bath nature's beautifier OLIVE OIL

PALMOLIVE

3d per tablet

PALMOLIVE used as a bath soap gives her whole skin the natural loveliness of her Schoolgirl Complexion. She's wise in following the advice of no less than 20,000 beauty experts, who unanimously recommend soap-and-water washing with an Olive Oil soap—Palmolive. They declare that the best possible way of preserving youthful skin beauty is a daily massage—well into the pores—of that gentle, deep-cleansing olive oil lather of Palmolive.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR 'CREAMED' AWAY!

Simply spread this white sweetly-scented cream on the skin. Wash off with water. You wash away every trace of hair. Skin is left soft, smooth and white. No coarse stubble like the razor leaves, because the hair is dissolved away below the skin surface. This amazing new discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Prices 6d. and 1/3. Successful results guaranteed with New 'VEET,' or money refunded.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/6 per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLEURET' Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars. Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Cash Paid £4:2:6 or 5/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:18:6 Terms 6/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies' Men's, Juveniles & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Before buying your Radio...

Turn to p. 14 and fill in the Coupon for full particulars of Bush Radio Receivers. The model illustrated can be secured on easy payments of 3/1 a week. Post Coupon at ONCE!

SENSATIONAL LEAP IN PRIZE-MONEY FOR "JOHN BULL'S" ENTERTAINING X-WORD

PRIZES VALUE £1,500 MUST BE WON ★★ PLUS UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £750 CASH

INCREASED PENSION PLUS FORTUNE PRIZE OR HUGE LUMP SUM OF £1,250

GIANT NEW PRIZE BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP THIS WEEK . . . £250

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with the publication of winning Square in "John Bull"

BIGGE OFFER X WOR TO-D

ONE WEEK TO REACH THIS GIANT PRIZE-LIST!

HERE is the Biggest Crossword Opportunity of To-day!

Beat all your rivals and yours will be the enormously increased 2-in-1 First Prize of £2 Weekly Life Pension and £750 in solid cash.

The greatly augmented sum of £250 is to be shared by Runners-up in this Contest and unlimited Surprise Awards are waiting for senders of next best Squares.

Note that whilst your entry may now consist of four coupons from this page and four from any other announcement (eight in all), you have only a few days in which to complete your Squares. Be quick, for this offer closes on Saturday, August 28.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Spelling of these is often due to shuffling
4. Photographer may find it hard to get good snaps in
6. Left when fire's burnt out
7. Nosy Parker may do, to find out other people's business
8. Steal
9. Cathedral town of Cambridgeshire
10. B fore
12. Films which critics get enthusiastic about are this
18. Comic one is sometimes seen on screen
19. Donkey
21. Golfer aims to get ball into
23. Proceed
24. What servant has to wash after party
26. Wise bird that hoots
28. You don't expect to find much in one
30. You'll probably see a number of them in big racing stables
31. It is frequently found difficult to illustrate these
32. Man who has to do this has boring job
33. Holidaymakers expect seaside band to play in this
34. This in garden may worry keen gardener

CLUES DOWN.

1. Unless you're careful you'll soon make a hole in
2. There's a row when schoolboy does this
3. One who secretly conveys information
4. Grain, and town in Sussex
5. Anger
11. This of dictator may cause alarm to neighbouring monarchy
13. Writer's work is frequently spoilt by
14. Paper one is used for sweets
15. Bad one will spoil the look of your garden
16. One is sometimes taken on river
17. Experienced cobbler can be relied on to make a good one
20. Observed
22. End of trials
25. Card-sharper does when he first plays with victim
27. Thin
28. Instrument like a harp
29. Generally beats the king

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. For three coupons (six squares) send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE. For four coupons (eight squares) send TWO SHILLINGS. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, August 28.

2.—In addition to four stamped Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit FOUR EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on page 39, or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 9. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, September 14, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,250 Cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 38

X-WORD No.

SANE
TLE WAITE
APSE
CROFT
SHOTSO
MOTHERGA
BEDRODE
UNLIKELIE
LDEN
LACKBE
SAWS

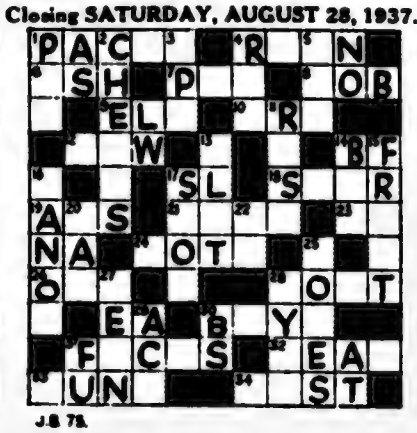
Winners on pa

The Adjudicators ... matter decided that ... most apt and ... Answers used by ... petitors were then ... in the Square above ...

One space is left ... to indicate that ... point STAGS and ... were regarded as ... words of equal merit. ... Reasons for ... mittee's decision ... appear in next ... "Crossword Gaz... Secure your free ... copy by using ... coupon on page 39.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 75. Closing SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1937.

J.B 75.



J.B 75.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 squares 6d.

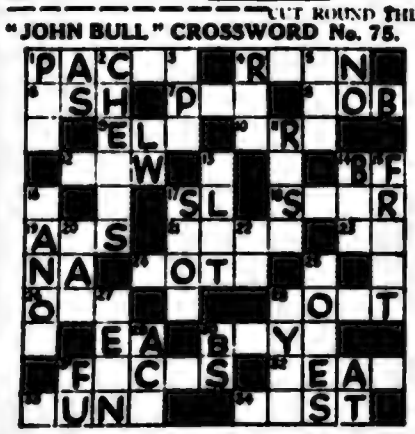
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

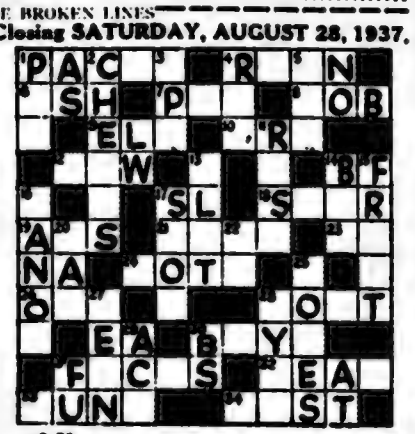
.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 75. Closing SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1937.



J.B 75.



J.B 75.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

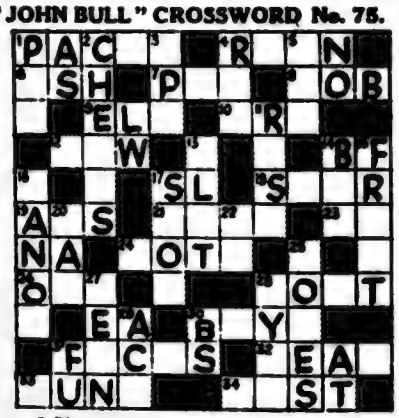
ENTRY FEE for 4 squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 75. Closing SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 19



J.B 75.

J.B 75.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 6 squares 1s. 6d.

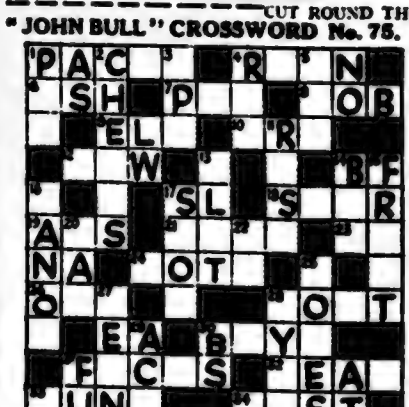
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

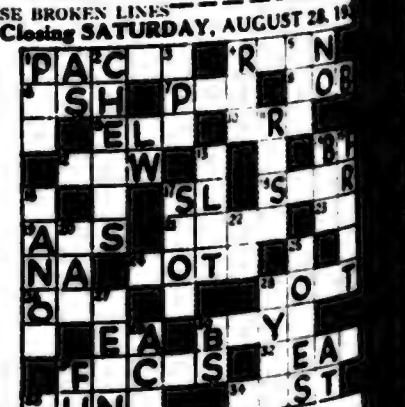
.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 75. Closing SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 19



J.B 75.



J.B 75.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 8 squares 2s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 75, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from this competition's First Prize-winner ... of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, ... will be divided between shares. Newsagents ...

AUGUST 21, 1937

The Editor

... (Torquay).—"My petrol lighter was quite expensive to run, so I gave it away." It was more than ... for you.

... (Neath).—"In my line the outlook is always black." Miner?

... A. (Windsor).—"A boxer I know is doing a series of sports articles." At a knock-out fee?

... W. W. (Bristol).—"I've just taken up playing golf. What is it usual to go round in? Plus fours.

... (Walsall).—"In breach of promise cases tears have a definite financial value." Liquid assets.

... M. (Highbury).—"Without a doubt many professional footballers are badly underpaid." More kicks than ha'pence.

... P. (Ambleside).—"I can't understand why my daughter wastes so much time and money on her face." Isn't it plain?

... (Canterbury).—"I am a railway porter, and the girl I love thinks she is too good for me." She is above your station.

... (Deal).—"With so many stories about it is foolish to carry large amounts of money around." Surely you mean unsafe?

... (Kilmarnock).—"I can truthfully say that I have never had any desire to look back and admire my work." Ah! Window-cleaner.

... (Blackpool) — "Generally speaking, beach collections are illegal." Well, we've never felt the urge to collect the things.

... S. (Peckham).—"A bee-keeper has offered to sell me his small farm, and I am thinking of buying it." Well, mind you don't get stung.

... (Aylesworth).—"It is a most wasteful practice to smoke one cigarette after another." Also it will not be good easy to balance

TRAVELLER (Hampstead).—"In Hawaii the natives hold races with captive fish, and gamble on the results." No doubt plaice betting is popular.

... W. (Edgware).—"He turned her out of the house because she wore a frock which he thought was cut too low." He merely didn't want to see her back again.

... (Margate).—"Lifting a handkerchief from the road while travelling at speed on a motor-cycle is a childishly simple trick." You just pick it up as you ride along, eh?

... Y (Sutton).—"I borrowed the money to start my business, and the money-lender is always dropping in to see how things are going on." He is taking more than the usual interest.

... D. (Wrexham).—"I had a feeling that everything was not in order, and when I went up on deck a wet sail was thrown into my face." Then you were aware that something was in the wind.

... M. (Norwood).—"I have nothing but pity for those fault-finding maniacs who continually expect other human beings to toe the line." We didn't get very far in our local tennis tournament, either.

... (Notts).—"The new regimental band piece I had composed for the musical competition was stolen by my closest rivals two days before the event." So they properly stole a march on us this time.

Side-Slips

... specimens of unconscious humour from the Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings ... to be sent. A fee is paid to the sender of each ... published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." ... the same "Slip" is submitted by more ... one person that which arrived with the ... postmark receives the prize.

... SKETCH: "Fearless devotion to duty and unflinching RUTHFULNESS."

... WESTERN TIMES: "For the first time in the centuries-old history of St. ... Church, Silverton, eight bells ... out from the tower . . ."

... EVENING NEWS: "—— CROCK ... cyclists eager to recapture lost ... . . ."

... NEWS AND ECHO. ADVERTISER: "... Golden Retriever Puppies able ... CYCLE . . ."

... JOURNAL: "The following are ... additions to the Smith Institute ... GALLERY . . ."

... EXAMINER: ". . . portion of the ... is MISSING, and is very misleading ... ANYBODY who intends to SIT UPON IT."

... ADVERTISER AND SOUTHAMPTON TIMES: "In his 92nd year, Mr. —— ... in the village for over 80 years."

... AND ST. LEONARD'S OBSERVER: "Mr. —— was entrusted with the funeral ... CONTRACTORS."

The Editor . . .

H. C. (Hempsfield).—"I spent a week of my holiday on the South Coast bellringing."—We know!

Laughs Last . . .

"Bert wants a word with you."—From "The Passing Show"

FRED (Dover).—"Some African chiefs live just like film stars." Complete with fan male!

D. F. (Goole).—"I am anxious to obtain a new post." Have you tried the local timber merchant?

MRS. N. (Liverpool).—"What do you think followed the judging of the baby show at the fête?" Fireworks!

MISS AGNES (Perth).—"Do anglers ever stop to consider how cruel fishing is?" Yes, when they haven't had a bite all day.

BASS (Leeds).—"My boy works in a very stuffy office, but he has an excellent position." Near the door.

MENSCO (Hull).—"Non-smoking and drinking men who are spare of body live the longest." But have the thinnest time.

CRICKETER (Poole).—"I bobbed down to avoid a fast-rising ball and unfortunately displaced the bails." Out for a duck.

V. L. (Bristol).—"I dined at a small café, but the price of the haddock I ordered was terribly high." And so was the haddock?

ACTRESS (Brixton).—"At the end of the play a deputation from the gallery presented me with a lovely bouquet." A gift from the gods.

COAL MERCHANT (Durham).—"I am just about to instal a machine that will weigh up to ten tons." You are going in for things on a large scale.

FASTER (Ware).—"For a wager I once went without food for fifteen days running." We don't believe anyone could run all that time without food.

Y. P. (Purley).—"I am afraid that my sons are too dense to carry on the business that I have built up of golf club making." Are they all wooden-headed?

MRS. T. (Cardiff).—"Do you never feel like running away when a barber leans over you brandishing his razor?" No, madam, we stay and take it on the chin.

W. S. (Wealdstone).—"To avoid the congestion in and out the library, we're thinking of marking one of the doors 'Exit Only.'" That's probably the only way out.

D. F. (Brixton).—"Because I had offended her by a harmless joke the waitress served me last." Served you right.

BREEDER (Dorchester).—"My pigs are suffering from a most mysterious disease." Can they be cured?

M. L. (Chipstead).—"I have a wonderful recipe for stuffing chicken." We don't need a recipe to do that.

TYPIST (Ealing).—"I cannot afford to wear real diamonds." So you wear carbon copies instead?

MRS. J. (Derby).—"I have regretted ever since the first day I met my husband at a sale by auction." Is he a bad lot?

R. I. (Denham).—"To be a successful golfer one needs flexible wrists, and good hands." Especially in the club house.

D. F. (Barnet).—"After twelve years as an Army cook I have retired on a decent pension." So now you're out of the mess!

CRICKETER (York).—"During our recent club match, runs were hit in every over except one." That was the maiden all forlorn.

BERT (Leith).—"What must an officer be before he can have a funeral with full naval honours?" Dead.

TOM (Charlton).—"I have nasal trouble, causing me to sniff. What would you do if you were me?" We suppose we should sniff, too.

OPTICIAN (Manchester).—"Where would be the support to-day for the once-popular steel-rimmed spectacles?" Behind the ears.

NATURE-WRITER (Kew).—"When we find flower petals scattered broadcast over the lawn, what do we take from it?" The flower petals.

BILL (Woking).—"I was tired out after twenty-four hours' work, and wasn't I glad when my mate came to take over." Ah! What a relief.

TICKET COLLECTOR (Catford).—"Since I have been moved up to an Underground station I have felt most depressed." You always feel down, as it were.

FAN (Crewe).—"One of our best amateur boxers I ever saw was the son of an admiral." We bet he knocked all his opponents into a cocked hat.

STORES MANAGER (London, W.).—"The least efficient of my elevator-girls is a terribly quarrelsome person." Always taking people up the wrong way, eh?

J. R. C. (Torquay).—"What can you recommend to a small investor—I want something secure and sound?" Invest in a *Bullets* coupon from page 39—the yield may be the security of a Life Pension and the sound of a Millionaire's Radiogram.

CURIOUS (Darlington).—"I read some time ago of a tent-maker and three business rivals playing solo for marquee-poles instead of money." That's pretty high stakes!

F. H. (Hudersfield).—"My brother is a mattress tester in a large factory, and when they threatened to reduce his wages he protested actively." Did he stage a stand-up strike?

C. B. (Newmarket).—"I had a tip given me for a horse named Boomerang, and was very disappointed when it failed to get a place." Naturally, you expected something was sure to come back.

MOTORIST (Bletchley).—"I find all these new by-pass roads exceptionally interesting." They are certainly intended to be diverting.

SWAIN (Totnes).—"The job she wanted me to do was a task I thought beyond my powers, but after the embrace she gave me, I did it easily." You did it at a squeeze, as it were!

PSYCHOLOGIST (London, W.).—"A woman's happiest moment is when she marries the man of her dreams." She's even happier when she marries the man of somebody else's dreams.

R. T. (London).—"It was the last day of a perfect holiday, and sonny, aged three, must go and spoil it by taking a running kick at grandma's cherished cabinet, splintering the glass door." He put his foot in it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings are to be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." The same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the prize.

DAILY SKETCH: "Fearless devotion to duty and unflinching RUTHFULNESS."

THE WESTERN TIMES: "For the first time in the centuries-old history of St. Mary's Church, Silverton, eight bells rang out from the tower . . ."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS: "—— CROCK motor cyclists eager to recapture lost fame . . ."

LONDON NEWS AND BIRDS. ADVERTISER: "Pedigree Golden Retriever Puppies able to RIDE CYCLE . . ."

STIRLING JOURNAL: "The following are recent additions to the Smith Institute Art GALLERY . . ."

CORK EXAMINER: ". . . portion of the wall is MISSING, and is very misleading to anybody who intends to SIT UPON IT."

HAMPSHIRE ADVERTISER AND SOUTHAMPTON TIMES: "In his 92nd year, Mr. —— lived in the village for over 80 years."

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS OBSERVER: "Mr. —— was entrusted with the funeral arrangements."

Afraid to eat?

IF burning pain or agonising flatulence and heartburn make you dread mealtimes, take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after your next meal. By neutralising the excess acid which causes most stomach troubles, 'Bisurated' Magnesia brings you new, instant relief. The pain you have learned to dread ceases. You can eat what you please and digest it with ease. This blessed relief from pain, heartburn and other distressing symptoms of indigestion will improve your spirits and general well-being and make you look forward with pleasure to meals. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia to-day.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

Prices: Powder, 1/3 & 2/6. Tablets, 6d., 1/3 & 2/6.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

To HOME LOVERS

WHEN you buy Furniture, you buy something more than the immediate satisfaction of comfort, utility and beauty. You are enriching the home with something lasting—something that will have a tale of good taste and quality to tell for many a year ahead.

IN this issue, readers' attention is drawn to Drage announcement on page 25, in which a copy of an excellent guide to home happiness, containing selections of Furniture on easy terms from as low as 4/6 a month, may be had upon request.

ON page 27 Jay's also offer a fine catalogue and particulars of their Three-Way Protection Plan, which readers can obtain by filling in the coupon in their announcement.

WHAT better guide can you have than the fullest details which the foremost Furnishing Houses offer to the real home lovers who read "John Bull" every week?

Kidney Germs Wreck Health

At times the 9 million tiny tubes or filters in the Kidneys are attacked by germs, causing Uric Acid, Getting up Nights, Nervousness, Headaches, Lost Vigour, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Puffy Eyelids, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Burning, Smarting, and Itching. Ordinary medicines can't do much good because they don't kill the germs. But the Doctor's prescription Cystex starts killing the germs in 3 hours, stops pain, reinvigorates the Kidneys and thus restores health. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 3 days or money back. Don't take chances with dangerous kidney germs. Ask your chemist for Cystex to-day. The guarantee protects you.

THE FATAL KNOCK

THERE was a sudden knock at the front door of 37, Cumberland Street, Gateshead. Mrs. M. J. Morton, the housewife, was upstairs at the time but she immediately left her task and hurried to answer the door. While she was running downstairs she slipped and, after one terrifying moment in which she strove frantically to regain her balance, she fell headlong down the staircase. Despite prompt medical assistance she died the next day from a fractured skull.

As Mrs. Morton was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £50, the Benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift, has been promptly sent.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to numerous other Accident Benefits, "John Bull" is *the only paper in the world* to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD AND TEMPEST, and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£687 11s. 6d. PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £687 11s. 6d. to registered readers or their dependants as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£347	11	6
Accident Benefits—Adults...	£73	0	0
Children's Accidents... ...	£267	0	0

YOUR SHIELD OF SECURITY.

"John Bull's" Insurance is unique in weekly Newspaper Free Insurance. If you are not already a registered reader you cannot afford longer to ignore this unparalleled protection for yourself, your family and your home. Use the forms below to-day.

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 21/8/37

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "JOHN BULL." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

..... Date.....

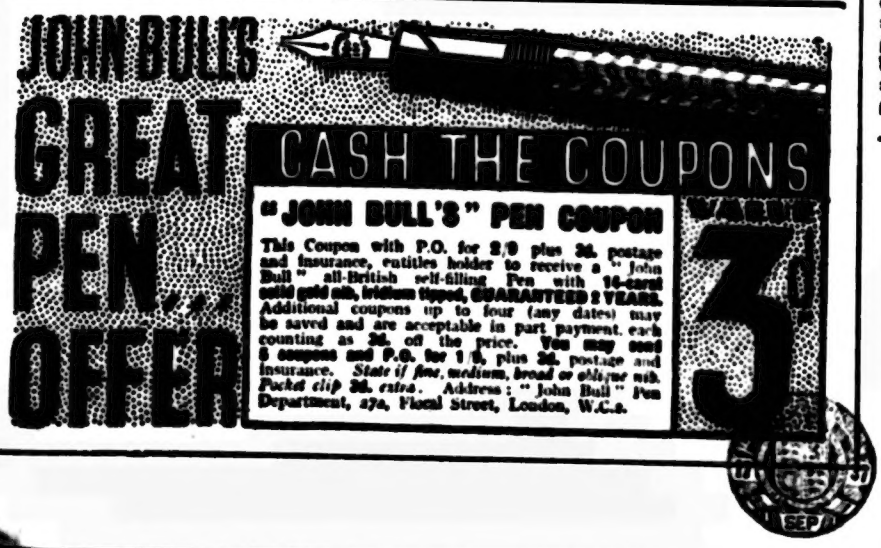
Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 21/8/37

P.S.

Don't forget to look into John Bull's Shop Window— you always find bargains there.

See pages 2 & 3.


JOHN BULL'S
GREAT
PEN...
OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 2d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send 3 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 2d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Packet clip 2d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
3

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 1,082

First Prize, £1 Weekly plus Family Holiday, or 300 Guineas Cash:

A. C. HORNER, 5, St. John's Terrace, Kingston Vale, S.W.
Example: THE TICKET
Bullet: FOR PETER'S WICKET, "CRICKET."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£50 PLUS FAMILY HOLIDAY:

Miss M. DUFF, 21, Joyce Avenue, Marton, Blackpool.
Example: We Only Live Once, So
Bullet: Drive "Your Motor" Carefully!

£25 PLUS FAMILY HOLIDAY:

Mrs. G. SMITH, 104, Brockley Grove, London, S.E.
Example: Modern Road
Bullet: Same, To Woman's Heart.

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: A. WOOD, 10, St. Bernards Row, Edinburgh.
Slave Of The Machine—Re-living "Week"—Relieving Year.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£15: N. SMITH, 3, Fern Cottages, York Road, Tadcaster, Yorks
Now Sonny's Left School—No Homework—"Schoolboy" Again!

£10: E. R. RUSSELL, 256, Maripool Lane, Kidderminster.
Wifey's Money—"Untouched," While I've Hands.

£9 10s.: Miss D. SHAW, 10, Queen's Court, Hampstead Way, N.W.
Cut—My "Moan," Baby's Wail.

£9: P. W. MICHEL, 22, Gordon Road, Ilford, Essex.
Broke Down The Barriers—Nudists—So Did Villagers!

£8 10s.: Mrs. E. M. CALVERT, "Burnside," Croft, Wainfleet.
Glaring Evil—Slums—Apparently "Hypnotising" Politicians.

£8: S. G. VALENTINE, 12, Oxford Road, Windsor.
He Rolled Up His Sleeves And—Foreman's Absent—With Chill!

£7 10s.: T. CARRINGTON, Star Press, Coedpoeth, Wrexham.
Now Sonny's Left School—We Fear *Idleness's* "Mischief."

£7: A. C. TAYLOR, 13, Willow Grove, Ruislip.
Revolution—Gets Nothing Vote Can't.

£6 10s.: Mrs. B. SCHOLES, 87, Beech Street, Crewe.
He Rolled Up His Sleeves And—"Revealed Something" Blackmailer Overlooked.

£6: Mrs. ABBOTT, 65, Vespan Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.
Forty—"Matured"—Musn't Collect "Cobwebs."

£5 10s.: Nurse C. P. MASON, 27, Bank Clive Road, Bromsgrove, Worcs.
I Like The Seaside, But—Extol *Country*—Know Missus!

£5: H. KERRY, 61, Otley Old Road, Leeds.
Pensions At Sixty—For Coroners, My "Verdict."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£4 10s.: Mrs. D. WATSON, 69, Crawley Road, Leyton, E.
Enjoying The Sunset—Filtering Between Parked Cars!

His £600 Dinn

WHAT do *you* do in the spare m... of your dinner hour? A man... does not waste them. Wri... JOHN BULL man, is the 37-ye... foreman at the Penlee stone quar... Mr. S. Scarborough, "Malaya," Tre... Lane, Newlyn, Penzance.

It was due to working on *Bullets* ... dinner hour, I learnt, that Mr ... borough won our 1,081st First Pri... £600 fortune and European Tour fo... secured by his well-phrased and tho... ful effort—SWEPT AWAY—BY "S... ADVERSITY'S "WAVES."

"I have three things to thank f... big success," this First Prize-winner ... "First, *Bullets Bulletin* has been ... greatest help. Secondly, having B... pals with whom I could discuss my e... and thirdly, making a regular stu... the winning *Bullets*."

By the same simple, straightfo... methods which brought this typical ... petitor his fine 2-in-1 prize, you can ... the top of that Magnificent Cash-... Radio prize-list on opposite page ... on your *Bullets* without delay, since ... entry must be postmarked not later ... August 28!

£4: E. C. COLLARD, 29 M... gate, Kent.
Blows Of Adversity—D... Deeper.

£3 10s.: W. EASTON, 10, L... Leven, Fife.
I Like The Seaside, B... "Paddle."

£3: A. J. HICKMAN, 7, ... Sussex.
Dull As Ditch-water—After ... Retirement's "Backwa...

ADDITIONAL AWARD.—No "Bullet" ... taining the word "Holiday" figures ... above 20 chief winners. Accordingly, the ... £5 offered for the best "Bullet" including ... word is added to the 25s. prize won by Mr. ... Jackson, 9, Wyndcliff Road, Birmingham. ... four words of his "Bullet" duly include... word "Holiday."

A list of 80 £1 5s. and 500 2s. 6d. ... can be seen at these offices

14 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 7

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 72, the Adjudication Committee decided that the ... meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square (see page 36) were the following 14 competitors:—

Mrs. E. H. Batterham, "Middlemarch," Delwyn, Hendon, nr. Golwyn Bay; Miss A. E. Bruton, 41, Clifton Gardens, ... G. E. Britton, The Lodge, Tupton, nr. Arundel; E. W. Child, 60, South Lane, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire; F. Cole, 204, ... Hill Drive, Blackburn; H. Cole, 244, Roverhill Drive, Blackburn; Miss M. Curran, "Sherwood," Morrow Avenue, ... E. Yorks; Miss E. E. Hemsley, 58, Park Road, Peildon Park, Exeter; Miss G. M. Jones, Llanrug Vicarage, Carnarvon; ... E. E. Marshall, 14, Willow Road, Hampstead N.W.3; C. Palmer, Hanmere Farm, Hildenborough, Kent; V. Sch, 6, ... Street, S.-on-M., Manchester; L. E. Southway, 56, Birchall Road, Redland, Bristol, 6; Miss A. M. Stevenson, 2, ... Place, Dundee.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £500, ... will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must ... later than First Post, Tuesday, August 24, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted ... Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John ...

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize ... 134 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt ... with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 15s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up ... Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Additional Awards value £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we received four of ... Contest.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 905 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from ... by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

CROSSWORD No. 75.—TERMS and CONDITIONS

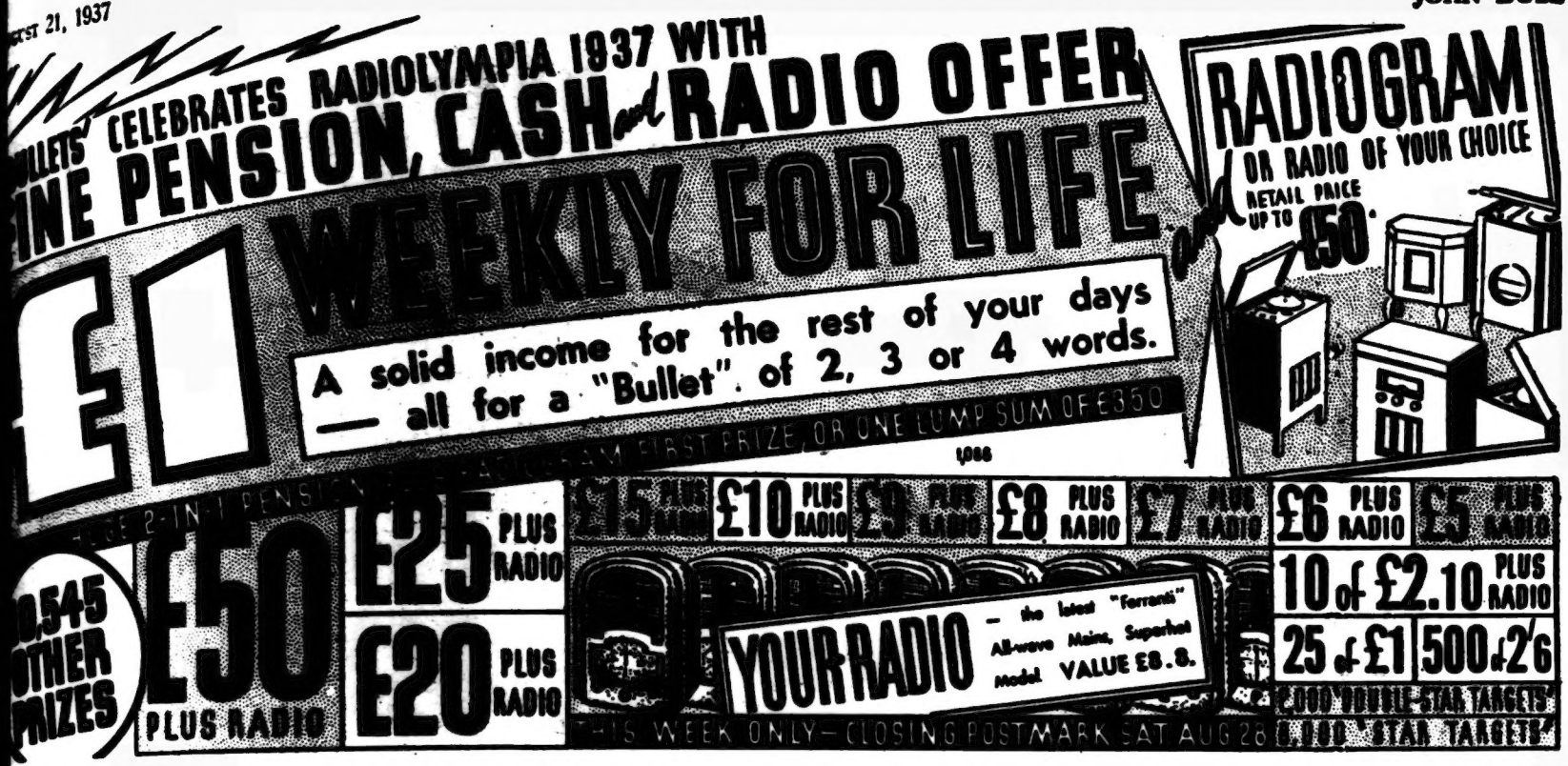
ON page 36 is presented the seventy-fifth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; ... your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by ... and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out ... Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lancelot ... B.A.; and Doctor C. E. E. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the ... has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the ... Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides ... can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal ... as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle ... published Thursday, September 9, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be ... free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as instructed on page 39. The Second Prize will be ... whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be ... than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious ... JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally ... Crossword Competition.


BULLETS" CELEBRATES RADIOLYMPIA 1937 WITH
FINE PENSION, CASH and RADIO OFFER
£1 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
A solid income for the rest of your days — all for a "Bullet" of 2, 3 or 4 words.
RADIOGRAM OR RADIO OF YOUR CHOICE
RETAIL PRICE UP TO £50
£50 PLUS RADIO
£25 PLUS RADIO
£20 PLUS RADIO
£10 PLUS RADIO
£8 PLUS RADIO
£6 PLUS RADIO
10 of £2.10 PLUS RADIO
25 of £1
500 of 2/6
YOUR RADIO — the latest "Ferranti" All-wave Mains Superhet Model VALUE £8.8.
THIS WEEK ONLY—CLOSING POSTMARK SAT AUG 28

E WEEK TO WIN A WONDER RADIO AND BIG "JOHN BULL" CHEQUE—BE QUICK!

NCIDING with the opening in London this week of the great Radiolympia Exhibition of 1937, here is a magnificent one-week Offer of superb Radios and substantial cheques for senders of neat *Bullets*.

ins of the satisfaction of receiving, as your reward for entering a few well-chosen h on one of the coupons from this page, a cheque for any of various sums from up to £50—and soon afterwards of installing in your home a fine "Ferranti" Superhet Radio.

ther, if you enter the best *Bullet* of this Contest, on Friday, September 10, a "Greetings" telegram will not only bring you JOHN BULL's congratulations on ring a solid Life Income of 20s. Weekly, but will also invite you to complete First Prize with any Radiogram or o you care to select up to £50 in

mn is at hand and winter is on its . If you want a magnificent Radio- or Radio to entertain you through- the long evenings, as well as a big prize to provide other luxuries, start our *Bullets* without delay.

W TO MAKE "BULLETS"

DES this week's First Prize-winner, 20 "Bulleteers" are going to capture cheques and first-class Radios as the t of the fine Offer on this page. Any method of making *Bullets* can you amongst the winners of these nable 2-in-1 prizes, but here is one mon-sense way of tackling your ting job.

d carefully through the list of mples and jot down those which l to you most. Now spend a few utes considering your selected mples and against each one jot down the rough ideas suggested to your

our next step is to compress and im- e each of these rough notes into TWO, E or FOUR words of apt and original ment, closely fitted to the chosen mple.

r instance, your first comment on the mple, HELPS A LOT, might be, *In Life, ugh Baby's Tiny*. From this you could ily produce the typical *Bullet*, HELPS —THOUGH LITTLE AND HELPLESS.

ore you start, notice the good points the winning *Bullets* in Contest No. on the opposite page. Then turn the *Examples*, for your entry for this 's great Cash-plus-Radio Offer must postmarked on or before Saturday, ust 28.

Add 2, 3, or 4 words only to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,086)

PEACE IN INDUSTRY
FATE'S FOOTBALL
MARCONI'S DEAD, BUT
WAY OF THE DICTATOR
CAUSE OF BITTERNESS
EVERYWHERE SHE GOES
WHEN FATHER'S DONE
DON'T BE SURPRISED IF
"HURRY UP, THERE!"
PULLING HIS WEIGHT
WORST OF ALL
MOTHER'S TEACHING
MY INCOME HELPS A LOT
CHARMING THE REAPER
FUNNY GOING ABROAD
GO-AHEAD MAN
WISTFULLY DELAYED
SONNY'S WAGES
DRAWING IN
GREEDY
REWARD OF HONESTY
THE MANAGER BOWED AND
PINNED HIM DOWN
IN THE MOMENT OF VICTORY
QUICKEST WAY
DANGEROUS ALLIANCE
WHERE LOVE IS
NEEDS A LESSON
TO TELL THE TRUTH
MARRIED OR SINGLE
MYSTERY TO BE
SENTENCED TO DEATH

ENTRY FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon entered. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

FREE TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" (AND CROSSWORD GAZETTE) YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks free supply of *Bullets Bulletin* and JOHN BULL's *Crossword Gazette*. I have affixed 1½d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Supply can be arranged more speedily by posting coupon direct to BULLETIN DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 93, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,0 — Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 28. — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,086) — Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 28. — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,086) — Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 28. — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,086) — Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 28. — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed ..... Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,086 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,081 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons, Penzance, Cornwall.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,086, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

How does she keep so Happy Healthy and Slim

YOU can be healthy, happy and attractively slim; you can keep gloriously fit and get full enjoyment out of life, if you just follow her lead and take Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood and daily remove all food residue; thus improving your health, clearing your complexion and keeping you slim and youthful.

So, if you want to look and feel your best at all times, remember to take Bile Beans regularly every night.

"Since taking Bile Beans friends tell me that I look more like a woman in the early twenties—I feel it, too. The nightly Bile Beans not only keep my figure slim and youthful but make me feel wonderfully healthy and full of activity all day long."—Mrs. L. H., Liverpool.

• • •

"In my stage work it is very necessary for me to keep an attractive, youthful figure. I find that Bile Beans are just the thing for keeping me slim and maintaining my health and fitness."—Miss P. F., Birmingham.

• • •

"I cannot speak too highly of Bile Beans. They have given me a slim figure, made me youthful in appearance, and improved my health in a wonderful way."—Mrs. K. P., Portsmouth.

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

MAKE YOU LOOK AND FEEL YOUR BEST AT ALL TIMES

274 B 85

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